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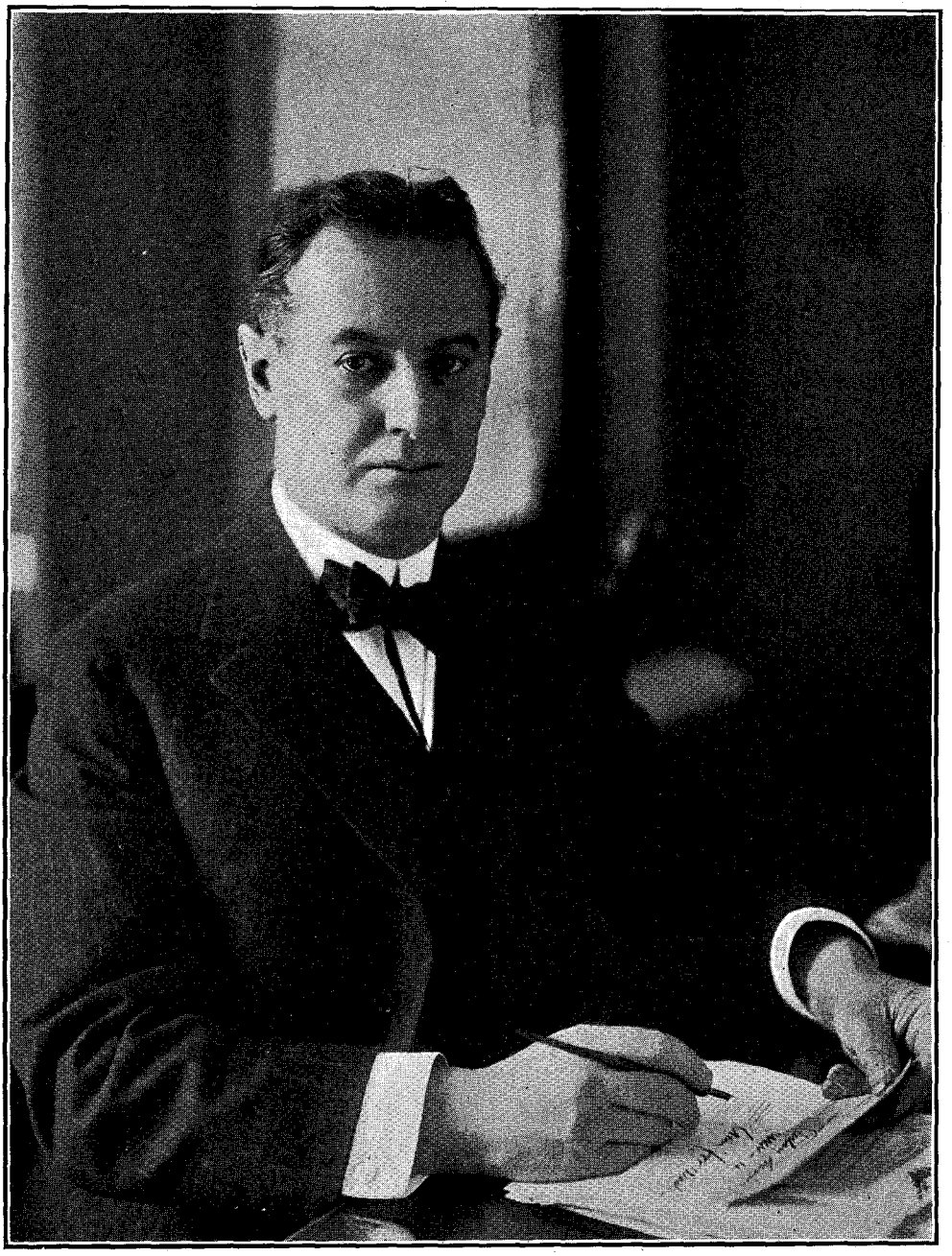

PERLEY MORSE, C.P.A.

America's Most Famous Expert Accountant

When the Government needed a man to go after Bolo Pasha—they sent for Perley Morse. He unearthed him and the trail of German propaganda that overthrew a French cabinet—and caused Bolo's demise. During the war he unearthed many trails for the Federal Trade Commission and other departments of the Government. He is the author of "Cost Accounting and Labor" in this number, and is now special accountant for special Congressional investigating committees.

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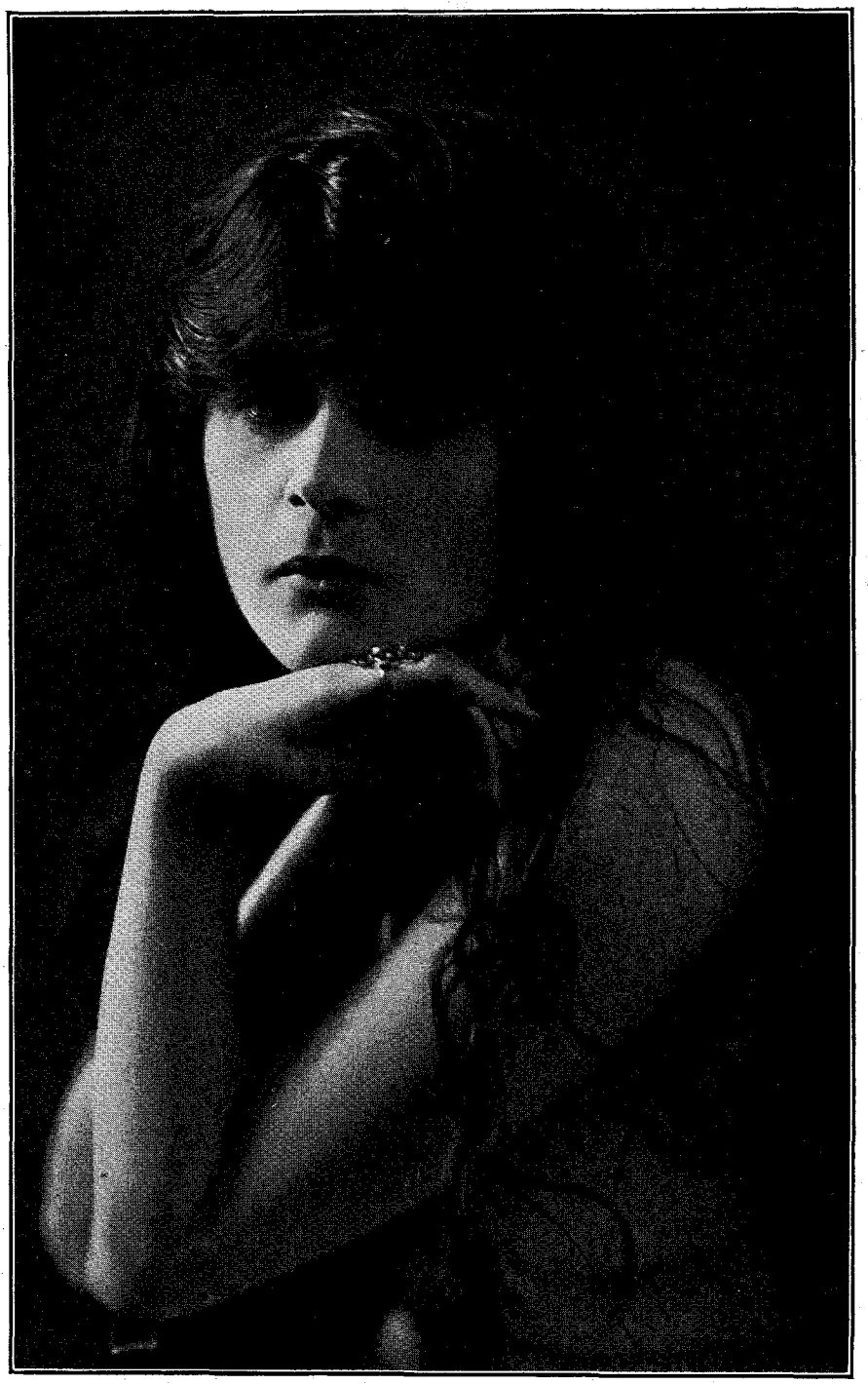

THEDA BARA.

The inscrutable film-soul of this celebrated Vampire of the screen has succumbed. She has told a remarkably simple, true story of herself in THE FORUM. She is a slender, frail, industrious little woman, just an American girl whose real name is Goodman, and who promises to vamp no more.

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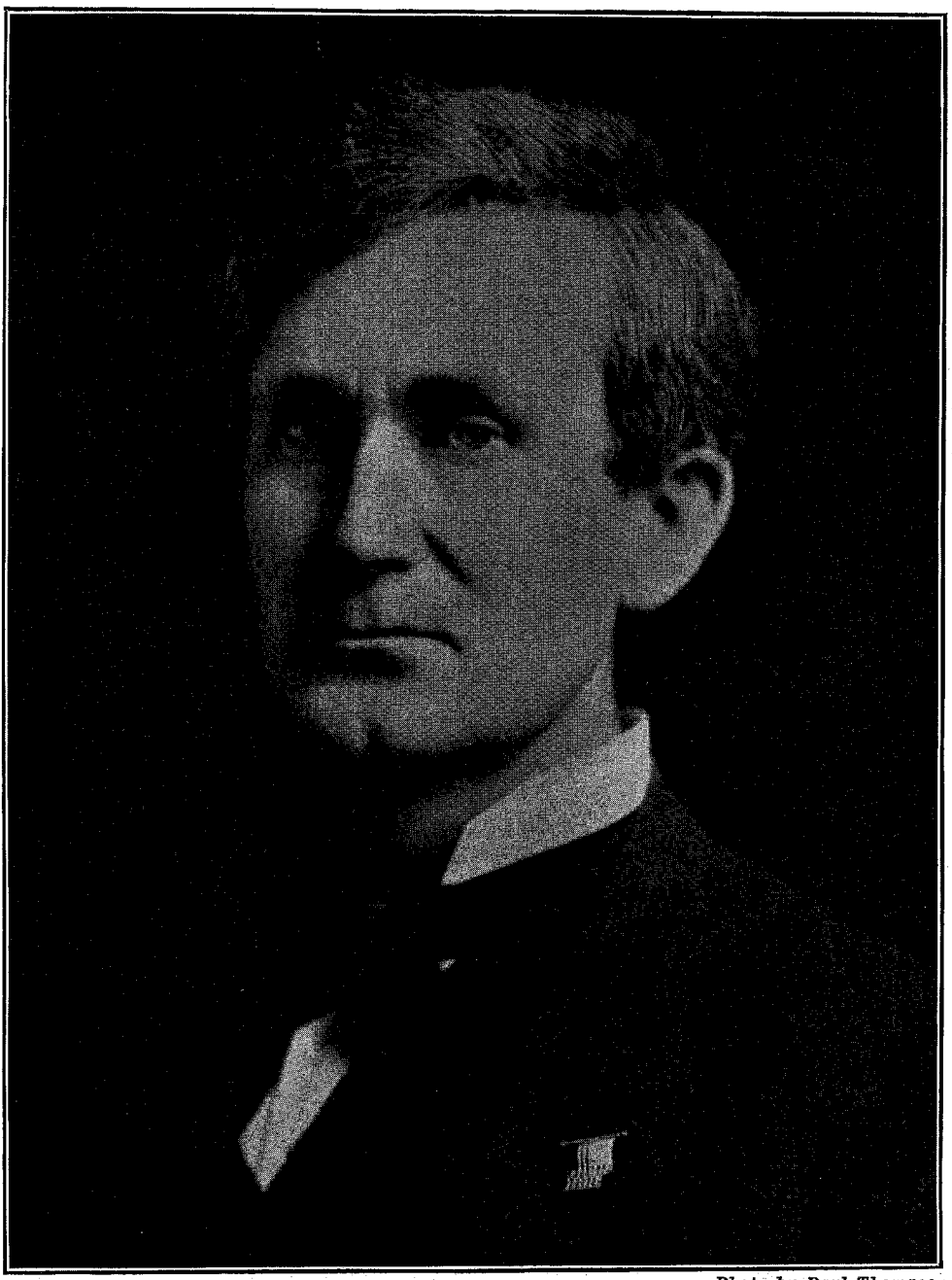

Photo by Paul Thompson

HON. LAWRENCE Y. SHERMAN

[U. S. SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS]

When the Senator from Illinois rises in his seat in the Senate to express himself upon some vital national issue, the Senators listen with hushed attention, because the Senator from Illinois has seldom been known to express his views without unsheathing the glittering blade of his satirical oratory.

The first article in a series written by Senator Sherman for THE FORUM is a brilliant analysis of the political anachronisms of the war, as the Senator has observed them since 1914. These articles contain startling values of a news character, which, in his observation of them, on the floor of the Senate, are here told for the first time.

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The
FORUM
For July, 1919

MY POLITICAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE WAR

By HON. LAWRENCE Y. SHERMAN

In requesting U. S. Senator Lawrence Y. Sherman to analyze his political impressions of the War, The FORUM had in mind the fearless, non-partisan, patriotic and American character of the distinguished Senator from Illinois. In these articles, which The FORUM has been fortunate enough to secure, the power of the Administration, for the people (or over the people, whichever way one interprets them), is authoritatively explained. There may be those whose politics blind them to the National theme which they describe. They should be read with unbiased mind. The first article tells of the conception of political morality which was still-born in 1916. The subsequent articles deal with the inference, that our National Government has developed from a purely literary conception embodied in fiction written in 1911 by Col. Edward M. House. They are sensational and political news written on the floor of the Senate.

Act I.—Prologue to the Safety of Democracy

ONE of the star features of legislative affairs in Washington this session of Congress will be a theme that is interwoven with all the heartache and triumph of victory.

The theme is political morality.

It is quite new, dramatic, startling in its mysterious origin, a thriller of the first class. It has taken 142 years of our National isolation to discover it. The discovery has not

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been sought by the American people, for the simple reason that they never imagined there was such a thing. Politics has always been regarded as tainted business. But the people, like good, kind, harmless sheep, have become so used to being manhandled by the politicians that they always expected to be sheared at election. Like sheep, too, they have always felt that there was something suspicious in the shearing process, but they were not sure just what it was, never having been warned that there is a political slaughter-house where the timid but confiding voters are turned into cold mutton. This custom called politics has not been entirely overthrown because we are still, as a nation, susceptible to pastoral plenty.

In the great prosperous valleys very few people care about our coast line. Only those living on the ocean border have really felt the nervous vibration of European or Oriental affairs. Later I will try to give a more definite application of this fact. For the present it will suffice to focus our attention upon the discovery of this new feature of our National life—political morality.

This, I think, will be the first information on the subject, submitted with a cool, placid, non-political mind. No one is talking about the discovery openly even yet, because for a long time it had been generally understood that the only public records permitted on private or public victrolas of National issue—I mean the machine-made newspapers and the platform machines—were of standardized Democratic make. I might add, as a personal impression only, that they bore no resemblance to any Democratic pattern that had been used before.

POLITICAL MUSIC OF A HIGH ORDER

THESE records became popular just prior to the Presidential election of 1916. They were music of a high order. The soothing melody of their composition was reminiscent of a colonial feeling of George Washington, with an occasionally homely quality of those simpler song days of Abraham Lincoln. Their popularity was based upon the

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notion that as a Nation we were a peace-loving, simple sort of folk, devoted to the shepherding of our own flock, preferring the pastoral note of security to the unreasonable annoyance of the fife and drum. If from some inquisitive source the question was raised that the bugle had been heard at Gettysburg, a record was turned out that in point of sentiment resembled "Annie Laurie," or was something like "Our Old Kentucky Home," and that made all hearts think of peace, and if not plenty, at least plenty for the South.

In the humility of mind which long service in Congress eventually compels, I admit that I am a fair judge of oratory. I have seen its effect, of course, and given some thought to the lyrics of others, but in my recent service as a member of the Minority, I have reached certain conclusions as to popular national tunes of a political character. When I say tunes, I mean, of course, those melodious phrases composed with an academic skill of interpreting high ideals that have kept us roving delightfully among the stars. We are a nation of sentimentalists, isolated by nature from our barbaric neighbors, the Europeans, and there was an æsthetic flavor in the lyrical wording of these phrases that sometimes reminded me of snatches from one of our most famous American operatic ballads, "Oh Promise Me." There were dramatic values in them that appealed to the larger sections of the National audience. They were the words and music of the prologue to a drama, depicting the Safety of Democracy. This drama was not announced prior to the election of 1916 (although I suspect it was written before then), which requires a further explanation, later.

DEMOCRACY ENMESHED IN MONARCHISM

OF course, political intelligence is a gift, but it can be acquired by means of complex talents that have no relation or loyalty to any political party. Speechmaking is one of these talents, organization is another. The Democratic party has always had the latter because in the South the primaries decide all issues, and, being a country more or less sparsely settled in comparison with the Eastern and many of the West-

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ern States, its control is more easily compassed. But the Democratic party did not anticipate a talent they had not suspected, the talent of leadership. That was at first a cause for their most ardent admiration, until they began to fear that it was not a party leadership but a partizan leadership. Democracy found itself enmeshed in a system of monarchy, hopelessly committed to its prestige. The success of this leadership has been one of the political mysteries that has entangled the Democratic party to such an extent that they are today unable to solve the National riddles that now confront them.

And yet, are these riddles any more important than any academic issue, which can only hope for an academic opinion? As a nation we are not academic, when it comes to a decision of the way we want to live.

When the official records of Democracy began to grind their lyrical songs out over the country, prior to the election of 1916, the people who lived some miles away from the Atlantic Coast, all through the cotton belt, the Middle West, the Far Western States, did not feel that the outrages of Belgium by the Germans was anything more to them than the remote tales of outrages committed upon the Congo slave in Africa. They were not touched by the horrors, because they did not know, many of them, whether Belgium was civilized or uncivilized. A few rich people among them had been to Europe, but the great majority had not. What business was it of theirs? When they were told that it was the National policy to have no annexation, they agreed. Of course that was American, that was sound National ethics. If Alsace-Lorraine had been taken from France, and France could get it back again, let her do it. What business was it of ours? As to the submarine warfare, a lot of them did not even know what a submarine was.

In five Mid-Western States, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Wisconsin, there was a large German population. To them these ethics of peace, these promises of neutral pacifism had no ring of political brass. It was just what they had left Prussianism for, it was the same song of liberty that

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had lured them to this promised land of peace and plenty. The German vote in this country is no inconsiderable part of this theme of political morality. So, the lyrical splendor of the appeal "Keep us out of War" was a popular song that the Nation adopted with a rousing cheer. Its tune was never tiresome, it was an election lullaby that sent the children and their mothers and fathers to a sound sleep of National security. It was composed in Washington, with all sorts of variations, and sent out in a tonnage of campaign literature and other forms of political publicity that was enormous.

TOO PROUD TO FIGHT

THE atmosphere of these opening incidents of what subsequently brought about this new theme of political morality was not disturbed by the great European conflict which had begun in 1914. When we were reminded of this war, we were also reminded of our great strength as a Nation. On this account it was reasonably admitted that we were too proud to fight. We were so big that our pride would not permit us to impose our strength upon a disagreement between others that really did not concern us. To a great many of our people, as a nation, we were like a big boy watching the scrap between smaller boys, at a distance. We were interested enough, but it didn't seem to be any of our affair how it came out. I have no doubt that the Democratic party as a whole was sincerely convinced that our National position should be one of neutrality. They followed the leader—into the stockade of political prestige.

Although the big editors who, sitting in their tower chambers on the Atlantic Coast, fancied they could see, partly hidden in the summer sea-fogs that drifted in upon them, a huge German fleet creeping up, recorded their violent opposition to neutrality, their cries for defensive measures were regarded by the rest of the country as an attack of nerves. Or, was there another force of fear behind their clamor for war than merely nervous disorder? Was there a financial whisper corrupting the editorial conscience, for instance, in New York, that war would stimulate capital? Political op-

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ponents affirm and deny this impression, but they all agree that the newspapers of the Northern Atlantic Coast opposed neutrality.

It will be remembered that we had but recently exchanged differences of opinion in Mexico. In the name of a punitive excursion General Pershing was sent there with an armed force to maintain those ideals of peace that ultimately culminated in a constitution of government for Mexico written by Lincoln Steffens, the agreeable radical and socialist, and inspired by Samuel Gompers, the most influential adviser of a monarchical system of contemporary politics. Among the counsellors of our war with (certainly not in) Mexico was William Bayard Hale, who has long since retired into the safety of those dim recollections of our state records. Americans were murdered in Mexico, robbed, maltreated, and yet it was officially declared that if the Mexican country must achieve a government by blood-letting among themselves, it was a privilege we could not interfere with. It was entirely an academic issue, so far as we were concerned. The Steffens constitution of Mexico was in sentiment and practice a documentary authority of government confiscation, which the Carranza government put into operation at once by confiscating the vast oil properties owned and operated by foreign capital, and charging them a license fee that was exorbitant for practical operation. The British oil interests in Mexico are very large. Great Britain protested against the new confiscating constitution, and Carranza was informed by our Government that his methods of confiscation, by law, must cease. Perhaps, in secret places, it was already understood that England was to be our ally in the great war, and that her vast oil properties in Mexico must be as safe from molestation as our own, on that account.

MEXICO A RED-LIGHT DISTRICT

BRIEFLY, Mexico, always a red-light district of the world, had to be disciplined by a show of American armed force, in case German influence should seize the oil so necessary to our secret outlook for war with Germany. Of course, it was

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merely an academic secret, and therefore not entirely comprehensible to the American people at the time. It was really more than this, though, because war with Germany may have been a political secret of the Democratic elections of 1916. The result of those elections has given food for thought ever since. The cumulative effect of real thought, even in the Democratic party, is reactionary. Whether you know what to think about or you don't know, when gray matter exerts itself there is bound to be some cerebral consequences to reason. Even politicians of the Democratic party, after the return of our soldiers from Mexico, were politically confused. They could not decide whether the Mexican expedition should be filed among the political legends of the Democratic party, or whether it should be utilized as a campaign issue of the elections of 1916.

Well, it really didn't matter in the least what they thought about it, because they had already pledged themselves to a new issue in the political history of the Nation, the issue of power *versus* party principle. The elections of 1916 demonstrated the will of the American people to accept leadership, irrespective of party. There had arisen among us a wizard of magic word, whose voice proclaimed us a nation of intellectual idealists; a people of supreme brotherly love and spineless culture, a people who were, in their purity of National spirit, too proud to fight.

Plans of the intricate political machinery of an election campaign are not filed in the Patent Office in Washington. They have always been a mystery to the great mass of American people. Many of the intricate parts of the political machine are in the executive departments of the Government. It generates much power from these sources. The old blueprints of the political machine of the Democratic party were extended, intensified, improved. No doubt, some entirely new plans were drawn showing the ultimate political strength of the United States, in which a vast Republic was projected that seemed to give the Democrats a grip on the whole earth. The germ of secret diplomacy had already seized the political ambitions of the Democratic power prior to 1916. In the

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name of a supernal thesis of socialism, the country was being educated by certain executive departments of the Government to indulge in Utopian dreams of supreme altruism. It was under these pledges of peace security that the Democrats operated their political machine with success in the election of 1916. The mere opposition of the dwellers on the Atlantic Coast, the cave dwellers of New York and Boston, and Maine, against neutrality and defenseless policies, had no significance. Nothing could stop the principles of democracy in 1916, which were based upon the promise that we were to be kept out of war.

INFLUENCE OF GOMPERS AND HOUSE

I HAVE no brief against any person involved in this plan of political preferment. I have always said that the most powerful influence in its leadership was Samuel Gompers. It was an influence that only human equation can explain. The wisdom or the folly of one man is always responsible for the acts of his fellow man. Then, of course, behind the velvet curtains of executive splendor sat Mr. House, creating those thrills of ambition for international supremacy that have since mystified and entertained the world. Great credit is due a man who has the gifts of leadership. We admire the magic of his skill. We, the minority bystanders in the House and the Senate at that time, watched the perplexing moods of the Democratic majority with curiosity if not some alarm. So mystified were the editors of the New York Press that in a moment of irresistible reason they announced the election of Mr. Hughes. Well, that was a mistake. But, it did not enthuse the Democrats. It did crystallize the protests of the Atlantic Coast editors, in the Northern States, against our neutrality.

To the people living there, the brutality and hideousness of German warfare was practically on their doorsteps. It was in the East that the German spys operated chiefly. The shipping life of the Atlantic Ocean is the common gossip of Broadway and Tremont Street. Those people knew that our ships were being sunk, our crews were being killed,

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The New Shepherd

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American women and children were being drowned—with apologies from Germany, and polite assurances of forbearance from our own Government. With the murder of more than a hundred citizens of this country on the *Lusitania,* the Western country was not yet fully aroused to the full meaning of the war. It was inconsistent for us to declare war, they thought, when we had just registered our national vote of our abhorrence of war. I point to these facts because their significance to the political affairs of the Democratic party was alarming. The issue of self-determination was launched, the individual right of all nations to determine their own fate. For awhile, this absorbed our sentimental interest.

While these academic tunes of altruistic sound continued to soften the mad rumblings of war with their flute obbligato, the drama "For the Safety of Democracy" was conceived. We know now it was in three acts: (I), "The War"; (II), "The Declaration of Peace"; (III), "The Treaty of a League of Nations." The elections of 1916 were only the prologue, a sort of atmospheric presentation of those ideals which the drama itself will reveal.

I have dealt in this article only with the prologue. I shall analyze the last two Acts in the succeeding articles.

The prologue ended with our declaration of war, and when the curtain rose on the first act of the drama, the Democratic Party realized that they were to witness an evolution of National experience that has gradually led to the present climax of political morality.

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MY LIFE AS A BALLET-DANCER

By ROSINA GALLI

[PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA CO.]

TO the average reader this is the true story of a première danseuse. Some may expect to find in it an analysis of the ballet-girl, that hard-working, industrious, much misunderstood figure of spectacle and music. I shall try to tell, from the viewpoint of my own experience, exactly what goes on in the heart and mind of a girl whose legs, and body, and face must interpret beauty, and whose mind and spirit must retain that virginal simplicity of thought through which the exquisite impressions of dancing are born. To dance is to inspire the imagination to higher thoughts than those of the flesh, to tempt the eye with unblemished grace of movement that is not merely energy, but poetry. Simplicity, sanctity of one's self, purity of impulse, natural gracefulness, supreme devotion to innocence of spirit—these are the elements of the ambitious ballet-dancer.

I used to say to my mother, after I had been a première danseuse for some years, that when I grew tired of it, if I ever did, I should like to renounce the world and become a nun. That was when I was seventeen. So you see, at twenty-three, a young girl may be, as I am, just beginning to take notice of the world about her. At fourteen I was much more serious and thoughtful. I had then taken my diploma from the famous ballet-school at La Scala, Milan. I was a première danseuse in all the dignity and importance that it meant—that it still means.

The usual time allowed at this school to receive the highest graduating honors is ten years. I accomplished it in six years. If a pupil at La Scala cannot pass the final examination in ten years, she will never be able to dance. In Italy the ballet is an art, subsidized by civic and state money. It is a serious

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career, imposing great personal sacrifices, but conferring honors and triumphs that compensate a great deal.

I say this now with great satisfaction, for I would not have dared to say it when I began because my father and mother had the traditional horror of the theatre for their daughter that nice parents have all over the world. At least they did have in the past. Today it is perhaps different. There is a broader understanding of artistic careers than there was some years ago.

I realize that the average reader uninitiated in the sensitive character of this art will be skeptical of what has already been said. That is because the ballet-girl has been unable to defend herself from the cruel misconceptions of her work, from the very nature of it, and from the vulgarities that have been imposed upon her by the heavy-weights of the world. There is in the art of dancing a lure as inspiring as that of any of the great arts, but it is rare because it cannot be taught. The dancer is a beautiful little sprite born to interpret in movement the most delicate poetic impressions of life. She is born to dance, to describe the innocence of gaiety, the soul of sorrow, the passion of love untarnished, of jealousy in tragic pantomime only. She grows into womanhood on her toes, and drops back into childhood on her heels. And yet, never in all the pantomine dramas of her dance does she interpret anything but the poetry of all things.

Briefly this has been said to prepare the reader for a respectful appreciation of the ballet, something in Europe that has long existed, but that in America is still not understood. I wish it could be, and for that reason I am glad to confess my own experiences.

NO DISGRACE TO BE A DANCER

I WAS born in Milan, and my father and mother were well off. I started with the most respectable traditions to become a young lady who should be well educated, grow up with some accomplishments, and finally marry into some family as nice as my own. That was perhaps the program designed for me by my father and mother. No pre-natal difficulties

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threatened this pleasant outlook. No one in my family had ever been famous, and no ancestor had revealed any disgraceful tendencies toward the theatre. And yet, there you are, such is the diablerie of fate, I was a potential disgrace to my family from the first, as I found out later. I was at heart a ballet-dancer! It would have been shocking to think about if I had known it myself, because we were rather strict in our views of proper and improper things. Twenty years ago it was considered very improper for a young girl of a certain class to join the ballet. Stupid, perhaps, but true. As for my own thoughts about the matter they were obstinate.

I wanted to dance, dance, dance.

I was born in the city which is the fountain-head of all Italian organ-grinders, therefore music was always in the street just outside the door of our house. I could not keep still when a hand-organ was playing. I would begin at once to pose, to make pretty gestures, to try to stand on my toes. I was four years old, one of those dancing sprites born to the destiny of a première danseuse. At that age one's parents and friends are willing to be amused. They none of them dreamed that I should grow up to be so unique a figure, in the family album, as a ballet-dancer. Some children are born with rare intuition of what they are going to be.

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In our home I remember were a number of beautiful pictures hanging on the walls. There were two that were my perpetual inspiration, the first impulses of my career. One was a dashing picture of *Carmen* and the other a picture of *Manon*. When I was only four years old I used to imitate the artistic poses of these women in the pictures. My imaginary dancing to the music of some hand-organ was always the baby coquetry of *Carmen* in movement and gesture, or the simplicity of *Manon*. I imagined myself grown up like them, looking as dangerously beautiful as they. Not that I was thinking about the romance or the morals of either of these women, because I knew nothing about them, but their pictures gave me some idea for gesture and posing. Although there was no great encouragement given me, I was not forbidden to enjoy myself in that way, and to amuse others.

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But, to myself, I was always saying that the most wonderful thing in the world was to be a great dancer. So, you see, the heart of a ballet-dancer begins its run for life with the same innocence of ambition as the hearts of many, many children. It is not a sign of moral turpitude when a little child wants to look pretty and pose, and gesticulate and dance to music.

Finally I went to school, but even the restraints of learning could not crush the dancing delirium in my heart. As soon as I could get away from the classroom I was dancing in the school-garden, surrounded by my playmates who stood watching and applauding. At last it became apparent that I was going to be an indifferent scholar. Although my teachers reported that I was intelligent, quick and obedient in my lessons, they intimated that I was inclined to rebel at discipline. I was a good little girl but rather mad about dancing. Then my father and mother found out that I really wanted to become a ballet-dancer, and they were, by turns, passionate and stern with me. My mother pointed out to me the horror of the life in the theatre for the sensitive, well-born little girl like her daughter. She painted a desperately gloomy picture of the undesirable reputation such a career would give a good little girl, how my friends would desert me, how I should be socially ostracized. How melodramatic one's parents are when they see their offspring taking the first flying exercises! Naturally many of the things they said frightened me a little but served only to strengthen my purpose.

SACRIFICING THE PLEASURES OF THE SENSES

IT was a purpose which I only confided to them in part. I was going to be a dancer, that I told them, but I did not tell them that I was going to live with the severity of a nun in my world of sin. I was very religious, and I knew that whatever had happened to other girls in the ballet, nothing should ever happen to me, because I was going to be a great success in my art and then retire from the world, having consecrated myself that way. As I said at the beginning, this is not an unusual mood in the lives of famous dancers, for it is an art of physical and spiritual consecration. It is just

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that, or it is nothing distinguished. Eventually, with my mind made up, my will to perform the miracle that my parents insisted could not be, I began to neglect my lessons, to stay away from school. To all objections at home I answered only one thing, "I want to be a dancer." I was only a baby, but the baby voice of art would not be silenced, cannot be denied. Then came the crisis, the hour when the traditions of my family were to be smashed by an accident of birth which had destined me for the ballet.

A great dancing carnival for children was given in Milan, at which several prizes were to be won. I was taken there with my parents merely to look primly on from an upper box, watching the other children. During an intermission, when the orchestra was playing an intermezzo and the floor was empty, I slipped away from my family, reached the ballroom floor and began posturing and dancing by myself. Before my parents could reach me I was surrounded by people, as I had always been whenever I danced, and, encouraged, I continued dancing till the Mayor of Milan came down to me himself, congratulated me very formally and told me I had won the first prize, a gold medal with my name to be inscribed upon it.

Well,—that was the beginning of my career in the ballet, although it took persistent energy to overcome the objections of my family.

"At any rate, let me begin, let me try," I said, "if I don't like it I will stop."

Of course my parents expected me to do so. They thought the best way to cure me was to apprentice me to a school at La Scala. I was admitted when I was six years old, and I worked daily for six years. During all that time there were two guiding influences in my work. I determined to become a première danseuse, and I determined to live in strict seclusion from the theatre. The latter was not entirely a decision of moral force. Because the impulse of beauty in the art of dancing cannot thrive on the senses, because it is a spark that flashes only in the spiritual love of beauty, the usual pleasures of the senses must be sacrificed.

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SOMETHING of these sacrifices may be interesting to remember. The big ballet-school at La Scala, Milan, has been closed since the war, after many years of marvelous creative work. It has been the temple of one of the great national arts of Italy. It was supported entirely by the Italian government, and was one of the most serious schools of dancing in the world. In return for the tuition, which was entirely free, the pupils were bound to the National Theatre for a certain number of years. The artistic reputation of La Scala Theatre is world-wide. I began my work as hundreds of others did. I stood at a horizontal bar, holding on as tightly as I could while I learned the proper positions of the feet for the ballet. There are five primary positions, upon which all forms of dancing are based. Few people have any idea of the tremendous difficulty involved in these first five exercises. The imagination of the pupil is continually kept alive by the grace of the older dancers, the more advanced pupils whom they are allowed to watch. My parents made it as hard for me as they could. After a long day's work at the ballet-school, they used to make me assist in the housework, hoping thereby to completely tire me out, so that I would give it up. I am glad now they didn't succeed, and so are they. I went through all the various departments of dancing, gradually developing that extraordinary suppleness of muscles in the feet and in the limbs. The most difficult thing was to learn how to keep the body entirely separate from the arms and legs. The movement of the limbs and of the arms must be entirely separate movements, in which the body itself takes no part. The moment the body begins to move, to break the straight lines, the dancing becomes ordinary. There was a large corps of teachers assigned to the various departments, there were the classic dancers, the acrobatic dancers, the pantomime dancers, the character dancers, all based, however, upon the five principal steps which were learned with infinite patience.

I made by début as a pupil of La Scala after I had received only three months' tuition. It was in a children's

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ballet put on at La Scala. Mr. Gatti-Casazza was then the director of the theatre. Everyone was afraid of him because he was very severe. Whenever we saw him, with his long solemn face and his threatening beard, come down the aisles of the theatre to watch us, we were very frightened. I was therefore much surprised when he walked up to me one day after I had been appearing in the children's ballet for some time, and gave me two tickets for my father and mother. I had not told them anything about my public appearance. They thought that I was attending night classes. I gave them the tickets and they went. I had a part in this ballet that made me look like a mechanical doll. My mother, watching the performance, said to my father, that she thought it was a doll on the stage. My father, wiser perhaps, said "That looks very much like our own little girl." At which my mother fainted, and had to be carried out of the theatre. Of course, she has seen me hundreds of times since, but has never fainted at the sight.

MY AMERICAN DEBUT

IT would indeed take too long to tell all the stages of my school career as a dancer. I am proud of having graduated as a première danseuse from so great a school as La Scala. Some of the finest dancers in the world have been sent from there. When Mr. Gatti-Casazza became the director of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, he suggested that I could make more money in America, but I was afraid to cross the ocean, and I declined. Later, Mr. Dippel, who was organizing the Chicago Grand Opera Co., asked the new director of La Scala if he could induce me to go to America. As a special inducement he offered to give the La Scala Co. the famous basso Chalipane in exchange for my services in America. I was eventually persuaded to go, and made by début in this country in Chicago. When Mr. Dippel gave up the Chicago Opera Co., Mr. Gatti-Casazza, who had known me since I was a baby, engaged me for the Metropolitan.

Briefly, that is the diary of my career so far.

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A NATIONAL SCHOOL OF BALLET NEEDED

I HAVE naturally been impressed with American audiences and while I realize that they may enjoy the spectacle of the ballet, I do not think that they appreciate dancing as an art. The ballet-school in New York is hampered by not being able to get the material of which fine dancers are made. The American girl does not wish to waste her time in classic studies of the art. She wants to begin earning money at her profession too soon. I do think that a national school of ballet in this country would be a very inspiring influence. Perhaps that will come later.

A BALLET-DANCER MUST NOT SKATE OR FOX-TROT

THE ballet-dancer consecrates her body to the plastic virtues of beautiful movement. That is one of the first lessons one receives. The mind and the heart of the dancer must be in accord with this temperament. This sacrifice she makes for beauty, content to accept a certain remoteness of life for the achievement of her art. Ballet-dancing, as I know it, is an art of renunciation. A dancer must not skate because it enlarges the joints of her knees; she must not drive a motor because the pressure of her foot on the accelerator enlarges her ankles. She must not ride horseback because her hips grow too big. She cannot be so ungraceful as to dance the fox-trot, so she has to abandon the modern dances. There is no form of pleasure experienced by ordinary mortals that is not denied to the dancer. It is not a hardship, because her greatest creed is to retain complete control of her bodily beauty.

One can easily dispose of the imaginary career of a ballet-dancer, the false career which the imagination has created for her. One of the first things taught a ballet-dancer is how to display the natural graces of her figure. And then, how to retain them, how to exploit them, how to make the body poetize itself. It becomes evident to the pupil that she may be born with exceptional beauty in the first place, or at least she must be pretty, because that is the first requirement of the ballet-dancer. But, this is not enough to secure her

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success. She must have, as nearly as possible, a perfectly healthy body, a strong body, not merely muscular but resilient. What beauty of form has been given her must be improved, emphasized, taught to move always with due proportion of beauty to the eye. There are angles in the human body that must be rounded, there are lumps and muscles that must be smoothed out. It is by no means merely a matter of having well-shaped legs; that is the least necessity in the art of dancing.

These conditions are not brought about by any acrobatic exercises. The wonderful lightness of the feet, the perfect poise of the body, the lines of the neck, and the arms, and the shoulders, are developed by very gentle exercises. The appeal to the pupil is made through the imagination, rather than through muscular exercises. The ballet-dancer is always on guard to defend her body from awkward movements, from stoop-shoulder, from angular poses. The curve of the back at the waist, and the curve of the neck is as carefully guarded in sleep as it is in daytime. I have always slept with an eye to lying perfectly straight, so that my limbs never repose in angles. To preserve the lines of my neck I put two small pillows in the nape of my neck. To preserve the curve of the back, I keep two pillows under the small of my back. In this way I lie down in a perfectly straight line, and have so trained myself that I never move till morning. This may sound like extreme effort, but it is taught to the pupils of the dancing-schools in Italy just as other exercises are given in gymnasium.

A REAL CHASTITY IN THE RELIGION OF BEAUTY

THE ballet-dancer has a religion of beauty which is entirely her own. Other women retain their beauty with the aid of unnatural resources, the ballet-dancer relies upon her health and her intelligence. There is a real chastity in the religion of beauty which the ballet-dancer must obey or lose her soul. At the age of fourteen I was far more serious, far more religiously absorbed in the consecration of my art. I never went on the stage without saying a little prayer, and I

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never forgot to breathe a little vow of thanks to God when I left the stage at the end of the dance. I can see now, that these habits of reverence were the inherited will that should be in the hearts of all artists, the will to preserve one's soul.

It would seem then that the ballet-dancer is not at all what she is usually described. There is nothing flippant or dissipated or careless about her. It has been no small part of my self-pride to prove to my mother that her fears were unfounded. I am today much younger than I was, when, at fourteen, I began my first approach to what she feared was a world of sin. The theatre was a place of danger to me then, but I was on my guard every moment I was in it. There never was really any danger though to young girls who have the wish to become dancers and haven't the money necessary to maintain them comfortably, there is always the man-trap waiting for them. I was fortunate in having the financial support of my father, and the devotion of my mother who is always with me.

Sometimes I fancy how it would have been with me otherwise, and I come to the conclusion that it would have been the same, for I began by being as strict with myself as if I lived always within convent walls. Of course, I may have seen a man who pleased me, but when I did I analyzed the consequences that love would cause in my art, and I found the religion of a ballet-dancer, the religion of bodily beauty, far more important. If I should ever love to the point of forgetting my personal beauty, I should leave the stage forever.

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THE WOMAN WHO SHOOK RUSSIA

By H. DE WISSEN

NOW and again there upthrusts from out the mysterious calm of womanhood some strident personality who scatters to the winds the most carefully laid plans of man. With no consistency or practical plan for constructive things, bent only upon " doing something interesting," a soft-handed and very feminine woman will go berserker, uprousing communities, aye, nations. Perhaps such moods are engendered in woman by a feeling that her sex has too long been " suppressed." Tearing the lid off life, clinging to some invisible club with which to strike, venting frantic expressions, consecrating fevered emotions to some unreasoning cause, such a woman embraces a cause of protest. Particularly be she a young woman. Emma Goldman, Rose Pastor Stokes, and Marie Spirodonova are only modern examples of woman suddenly roused with a sense of " suppression." The centuries going back into the dim past have seen many such. To-day they play their part in the world's convulsions.

Marie Spirodonova! You never heard of her? That is because you keep good company. The only Americans who know of her are the Bolsheviki. Down in the dingy rendezvous of New York's lower East Side, where shining-eyed fanatics foregather to mutter of Revolution; down in smoky wine-shops where our bobbed-hair female Intelligenzia prate of art and of bombs; and our long-haired male Intelligenzia affect to despise the Bourgeoisie (meaning you and me, dear reader)—down there does one hear the name of Marie Spirodonova. A Russian? Yes. A fanatic? Yes. A dangerous woman? Yes. A woman who would give her life could she see some Americans as farm-hands, converted to the ideas of Russian peasants, ruling our nation from the rostrum of the Senate? Yes. An interesting woman? That is for you to decide.

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When, in Russia, the Revolution came and the millions of shaggy-bearded peasants looked about for a leader, they saw Marie Spirodonova and blindly rallied to her. Why? When Kerensky was frantically trying to hold the reins of government and keep Russia in the war against Germany, who could have turned the tide in his favor? Marie Spirodonova. But she did not—why? When the cold Lenine and the volatile cruel-visaged Trotzsky were worried and the fall of the Bolshevists seemed near, who could have overthrown them? Marie Spirodonova. Why didn't she? When the treachery of the Bolsheviki leaders became apparent even to the Russian peasants, who boldly defied them in a speech made in open convention? This same febrile young woman who only months before had saved Lenine by swinging the vast horde of peasants to his side. Whom did the Bolsheviks hasten to imprison when they saw the support of the peasants slipping away? Marie Spirodonova—the effect of whose magic on the millions of ignorant *muzhiks* Lenine feared. Did the Bolsheviki, fearing neither God nor man, dare to keep this astonishing young woman in jail? They released her and begged her to win back the peasants to their cause. Which she is endeavoring to-day to do; but her power seems to have waned. She was an Empress of Revolt—for a brief year.

HOW MARIE IMBIBED NIHILISM

TWELVE years ago, in the city of Tambov, in Russia, there lived a frail girl with gray eyes as round as saucers, and whose thick tresses of black hair set off her delicate face like a cameo. Marie Spirodonova was nineteen. She came of a moderately well-to-do family of Tambov, the father a comfortable merchant. Nor was there any record of violent Nihilism or Socialism behind the family. The girl Marie grew up like any middle-class European girl. She went to church, read the novels that were permitted her by her father, and anticipated the day when she would be married. But that was before Marie became a "student." It was traditionally true of the Russia of her girlhood that

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were a girl not of the aristocracy, to receive a good education, she forthwith became a "student." Now the connotation of the word "student," when applied to a Russian, is one who secretly meets persons of "liberal views" and feverishly talks of overthrowing "despotism." Marie read much philosophy that was good and much that was bad. There dawned in her the idea that womenkind were intolerably suppressed; there flowered in her a desire "to do something." She fell into the company of arch anarchists and plotters of assassination—while in his store her father blissfully went on selling the staples of trade. Occasionally at home, evenings, Marie alarmed him by some of the things she said—"The mission of the women of Russia." "Women have so long been denied liberty that once they receive it, they will prize it far more highly than do men." And the fond father would reply, "Too much reading, my daughter, is not good. Soon you will meet some fine young man and marry." But by this time Marie was married to a cause. She was wedded to a desire to burst out on the Russian escutcheon, rip the lid off, raise Cain generally, "Oh to do *something.*"

It was in the days of the White Czar and the Black Tyranny. Marie at her "student" meetings had early been taught to hate the Governor of Tambov, a fat, brutish man, to whom the suffering of human beings seemed to be a sensual gratification. The man with the brown face and the slitty black eyes was Lupjenovsky. To Marie's feverish imagination he became the Beast. Did you ever think that because dolts permit Lupjenovskys sometimes to sit in the high places of power that Maries are launched into the world?

At the secret meetings of the "students" Marie heard glowering men and feverish women say that Lupjenovsky ought to be killed. Perhaps if the hated Czar and enough of the men around him could be slain the people would rise. Who could tell? And like most "students" Marie became imbued with a feeling of savage vengeance about Lupjenovsky and the Thing for which he stood. Ever did she hear

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stories from the villages; how the Beast lined up the peasants on winter days, if they had not paid their taxes, and ordered their backs bared and flogged. She believed a story told of him from which a Grand Guignol play was later written. Lupjenovsky had brought before him a beautiful Jewish girl. Her brother he had just sent to Siberia. He told the girl how he had demanded that the brother inform upon his comrades; but that the youth refused to do so. "So I held the lighted end of my cigar," remarked Lupjenovsky, "against your brother's cheek and kept it there. . . . He was very foolish not to tell."

Deeds like that with which the Governor was credited haunted Marie's mind. One day she heard a horrible tale; that Lupjenovsky had invited his Cossacks to help themselves to the women in the peasant village and had laughed at their screams. That day Marie quite calmly decided to kill Lupjenovsky. She simply could not bear to think of him as being alive, and, in her elemental Slavish way, she thought of no law, merely that Lupjenovsky must die.

THE KILLING OF LUPJENOVSKY

THE day Marie Spirodonova met him in the railroad station at Tambov, she was nineteen. She had just left her studies. Had she been born in America, instead of in mad, inchoate Russia, she would probably have been graduated from a normal college—such was her station in life. When she saw Lupjenovsky's escort, her slim hand felt in her coat pocket. What her fingers touched felt pleasantly cool, even caressing. For weeks she had carried the revolver for just such a meeting. Her mood was as cold as ice. She looked about her. There were people in the station, crowds at the gate waiting to see the Governor. She must be careful. These people were innocent of any wrong. Drawing the revolver from her coat she fired over the heads of the crowd. This frightened them; bystanders scattered like sheep. From many directions, gendarmes and police spies bore down upon the girl, bellowing threats. Quite calmly then she raised the revolver a second time. She aimed at Lupjenovsky's

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heart. His cruel mouth sagged; his brownish face paled. Her hand did not tremble. Her finger squeezed the trigger, Lupjenovsky lay dead.

Hands seized her. The revolver was wrenched from her grasp, while she was coolly returning it to her pocket. Lupjenovsky's escort of Cossacks tore her from the police. They smashed her with their fists and kicked her with their boots. Then they flung her over a saddle and galloped with her to the jail. There they ripped her clothes from her and pushed her into a cell. They demanded that she tell the names of her accomplices, fellow " students." She regarded them coldly with her great gray eyes and would not speak. The Cossacks thought of the dead Lupjenovsky's favorite torture and they burned her body with the glowing tips of their cigarettes. Marie Spirodonova would not speak.

There was about her an air of refinement for she had been carefully brought up. There was that and a look of chaste severity upon her face which maddened the Cossacks. So for two nights they dealt with her coarsely, drinking heavily the while and washing out their scruples, if they had any, in a flood of vodka. Somehow Marie Spirodonova lived.

Perhaps the gods were keeping her alive so that they might later laugh. Perhaps her frailness was misleading; perhaps she possessed that tremendous wiry strength which is so deceptive. But Marie lived. She did not know that she lived. She did not know anything. With that first harrowing night everything became for her blessedly blank. For the assassination of Lupjenovsky they sentenced her to Siberia. Why it was not the death penalty no one knows—no one but the gods who wanted her to live so they might laugh. As you shall see.

For eleven years Marie Spirodonova was in Siberia. Eleven winters claimed their victims on the Siberian steppes; men perished; and women perished, and by the hundreds. But this frail girl who weighs no more than a hundred pounds, she lived. There was much she wanted to forget so she tried to occupy her mind with the study of languages. She taught herself to speak English, French, German and

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Italian. She was about to study Chinese when the February Revolution of 1917 burst over Russia.

MARIE RETURNS FROM SIBERIA A MARTYR-LEADER

IN the general delivery of political prisoners from Siberia, Marie Spirodonova came home. In her absence she had become a legend. Lupjenovsky, the man she had slain, was the persecutor of the peasants. Marie had delivered the peasants out his hands, wherefore the *muzhiks* loved her—loved her during the eleven years she was in Siberia. In their eyes she was a martyr, not a murderess. About her had grown up exaggeration and superstition. In their credulous minds they had thought of her as they would think of a saint. She was to the ignorant *muzhiks* what Charlotte Corday was to France. And when into the seething Revolution there came this frail woman, now thirty, with the same great gray eyes now ringed with black, with the strange unearthly look about her, there were loutish peasants who fell on their knees and caught up the hem of her skirt to kiss it. "Our deliverer has come!" they cried.

Incredibly soon, as word of her sped from one village to another, Marie Spirodonova became the leader of the millions of peasants of Russia. The girl who at nineteen had shot down a man, who had been outraged by Cossacks and flung into Siberia, had by 1918 climbed to a height upon which, in her slender hands, she held extended the political leadership of the peasants of Russia. The balance of power of the Revolution was hers.

When Kerensky ruled Russia, Marie Spirodonova was a thorn in his side. She came to Petrograd with the peasants behind her. Soviets of peasants had sprung up with mushroom growth from out of the Russian soil. Little villages banded together, formed their Soviets, elected their delegates and sent them to the first All-Russian Peasants Congress in Petrograd. And the legend of Marie Spirodonova, having spread for years from village to village, peasants throughout all Russia having lovingly mentioned her name during these years of exile in Siberia, what subsequently happened in

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Petrograd was not a surprise to those who really understood the Russian *muzhik* with his love for the superstitious.

To the peasants it was a miracle that she was alive. There were some indeed who said that she had died but that she had come to life with the Revolution, just to save theirs, the peasants', cause. These things are truth and unless one considers that a *muzhik* attributes all things to miracles and to "signs" they are difficult of credence. Of such elements was the hold of Marie Spirodonova upon the Russian peasants. That which happened at the All-Peasants Congress in Petrograd was inevitable. Acclaiming her as their leader the peasants elected her President of the Congress. In that moment there was bestowed upon Marie Spirodonova the greatest political power held by any woman in the world. Indeed her power was potentially greater than Kerensky's, for whoever controlled the peasants controlled the balance of power in upheaving Russia.

"ALL THE LAND" FOR THE PEASANTS, HER DEMAND

MARIE SPIRODONOVA knew that the peasants had one wish, and that had to be gratified quickly. They wanted the land. They wanted the land taken away from its rightful owners and parcelled out among them, gratis. And being a fanatic with no sense of economic values, or of right or wrong when the interests of the peasants were at stake, she demanded the land for them. In vain did Kerensky plead for justice. What Marie proposed for her peasants was sheer looting—looting of land. Kerensky would have made provision for the peasants, a just provision; but for that Marie had no ears, "All the land," was her ultimatum. Kerensky tried to moderate.

Marie Spirodonova went from village to village addressing her peasants. She roused them to fury. The girl who delivered them out of the hands of the hated oppressor Lupjenovsky eleven years before, would now deliver them from the "greedy bourgeoise government." A second Congress of all the Peasant Soviets of Russia was held in Petrograd. The peasants in attendance from the uttermost parts of Rus-

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sia made her President of the Congress, too, and her thin voice dominated it. The Social Revolutionists, the group more Radical than Kerensky's, granted her demands for the peasants and incorporated it in their party platform. They called it the " Land Program of the Radicals."

Then came the overthrow of Kerensky, the rise of Lenine and Trotzsky to the dictatorship of the Bolsheviki. Their position was uncertain. The less Radical elements of the Socialists were bitterly opposed to them. Outside of Petrograd the Bolsheviki had small support. In the background was Marie Spirodonova and her millions of peasants. Both the Bolsheviki and the Right Socialists were bidding for the support of the peasants. Whichever way that support was cast would decide the group in power in Russia. Lenine seized upon the " Land Program of the Radicals," and labeled it Bolsheviki. The Radicals were furious. Marie Spirodonova looked on amused. She did not care whose program it was. All she wanted was that the party in power would permit the looting of Russia's land for her peasants.

There came the Democratic Congress in Petrograd. The leaders of the less Radical Socialists, the adherents of Kerensky, were endeavoring to induce the delegates of all the Soviets to sanction a coalition, an absorption rather of the Bolsheviki by the Socialists. Marie Spirodonova and her peasants were there in the great hall. She knew that the Bolsheviki needed the support of the peasants if they would stay in power and that therefore Lenine could be trusted to give the peasants the land. She knew that the moderate Socialists would sanction no such colossal looting as this land-grab was. If Marie cast her support with the Socialists' coalition plan, the Bolsheviki were doomed; for no party could rule without the peasants' support. Conversely, if she supported the Bolsheviki with her peasants it would entrench Lenine in power.

After the Socialists' delegates had urged a policy of coalition upon the Congress, an absorbing of the Bolsheviki by them, Marie Spirodonova made a speech. It was a very brief speech but its effect upon the Congress was magical.

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SHE SUPPORTS THE BOLSHEVIST REGIME

"DEAR comrades—peasants," she said, "if you vote for coalition, you give up all hope of your land," and she faced them, a wisp of a woman, dressed in austere black with plain white collar, which blended with the whiteness of her delicate face. "What difference does it make who gives the peasants their land—Bolsheviki or who—so long as they get it?"

And the peasants roared their approval. Coalition, which would have meant the downfall of the Bolsheviki, was defeated. Lenine survived on his promise to seize the land of Russia from its rightful owners and give it to the peasants. To them Marie Spirodonova became a saint.

She established herself in Petrograd and opened an office to look after the interests of the peasants. It was said of her by returning travellers that in this place at 6 Fontanka Street she used to work sixteen hours a day. Those who knew her there say that she is rather dubious about women in politics. "It needs temperament, not training," she says, "to be a martyr—a woman can be that. Men will accept political positions simply because they are elected to them. Women are more conscientious. So they will not be as successful as men in politics."

Because of her long imprisonment in Siberia, the persecutions done her and attendant ill health, Marie had become temperamentally hysterical. It was this quality that had taken such a hold of the hordes of dull peasants. They took her hysteria for "inspiration." When she talked to them, with flaming eyes and staccato words, the idea took seed in the abysmal fog of their minds that here was a leader sent to them by God. One must not underestimate the tremendous religious credulity and superstition that sways the decision of a Russian peasant.

MARIE TURNS AGAINST THE BOLSHEVIKI

IN Petrograd, Marie Spirodonova slowly got the idea that the Bolsheviki leaders were not to be trusted. She feared foul play for her peasants at Lenine's hands. She anticipated

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that she and her peasants would be "double crossed." This was not half a year ago, when the Bolsheviki seemed quite firmly entrenched, when the signs of the disintegration of their régime were not apparent. So from her little office in Petrograd, Marie Spirodonova sent word throughout Russia for another meeting of all the peasant delegates in Petrograd. They came. The leaders of the Bolsheviki came, too, and in the great convention hall of Smolny—which used to be a finishing school for young ladies of the Russian court—there gathered the heavy-booted peasants from all parts of Russia, come to answer the call of their "inspired" leader.

Marie made one of the most hysterical speeches of her wild career. Thirsting in her was the desire to attack something or someone. Things had been too calm. The club must be swung; and it was quite proper that she swing it, on this occasion, for Lenine had "double crossed" her. The promised organized distribution of the land to the peasants had not been fulfilled. In those localities where the peasants were strong they had grabbed the land and kept it; in other parts of Russia where they were not strong they had been unable to grab it. Where was the long-awaited organized parcelling out of the land by the Bolsheviki? Of course the truth was that the Bolsheviki enjoyed no such control over Russia that would enable them to execute any such highly organized piece of land thievery. Marie, in her speech, boldly defied Lenine to defend himself and the Bolsheviki against her charge that they had broken their pledges to the peasantry.

LENINE THE NEMESIS OF RUSSIA'S WOMAN RULER

THE crafty Lenine pledged the peasants quick action and made adroit excuses which sent them back to their homes. As soon as they shuffled out of Petrograd, Lenine ordered the arrest and imprisonment of Marie. He would take no more chances of her arousing these peasants against him. And so Marie Spirodonova faced a second incarceration. Into the fortress of Peter and Paul she was cast—that grim pile of stone where today noble women of Russia await

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deliverance. But her arrest did not relieve Lenine of his problem with the peasants. News of their leader's plight spread through the rural communities of Russia. One by one the Soviets of Russian peasants turned against the Bolsheviki. Here and there revolts flamed up.

In desperation Lenine ordered Marie Spirodonova released and had her brought before him. He told her that she could be free if she would promise to whip the peasants in line to support again the Bolsheviki. Marie agreed, provided that Lenine carry out the promises he had made. Lenine would promise anything—and erase the promise from his memory the next moment.

But lo! when Marie sought again to gather the horde of Russian peasants under her banner, they would not be gathered. She was a fading legend. Her hold upon them was gone. She had promised them the land and she had been unable to keep her promise. So the peasants turned away from her. And today Marie Spirodonova still sits in her little office in Petrograd, telling herself with that amazing optimism of the fanatic, that " Everything is all right." But her power is empty and the Bolsheviki only tolerate her in the possible chance that she may be able to win some few peasant Soviets to their side. Like a wild horse the Russian peasants have suddenly run away, and no longer can the sugared words or spurs' red speech of Marie send them into the arena to do tricks at her behest. For a year she was the Empress of millions of peasants, but her throne was built upon hysteria and hare-brained dreams. Yet for a year she ruled.

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WHEN THE CRIMINAL TAKES TO SCIENCE

And Its Effect on the Fictionist

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

[THE CREATOR OF *CRAIG KENNEDY*]

WHETHER it is possible these days for a man to commit a crime of which there is no possible means of detection, and not be found out, is simply the ancient problem of the immovable body and the irresistible force. The criminal, to-day, is bound to be caught, and the more a man studies a crime, the more art he spends on it, the surer he is of detection. That may sound paradoxical, but William J. Burns himself affirmed that proposition to me long ago.

The hardest man to catch is the one who uses the simplest, crudest method. The thug blackjacks his victim and too often goes his way. Take, on the other hand, the bomb outrages that are worrying the police, just now. Those bombs were so very well made that the police are bound to catch the maker. Take again the recent sensational case of Dr. Arthur Warren Waite, the New York dentist who killed his father-in-law and his mother-in-law by arsenical poisoning, and had planned to kill his wife also. An examination of his private apartments brought abundant evidence to light that he had studied crime from a scientific standpoint and had endeavored to penetrate the secrets of the laboratory for the purpose of becoming a highly developed scientific criminal.

He calculated to inoculate his victims causing them to die a commonplace "natural" death. I found in his desk a large number of microscopic slides which he had made—three or four hundred of them—showing germs of tetanus, anthrax, typhus and bubonic plague. He even went to Bellevue and tried to buy a tubercular mastoid bone, for the purpose of inoculating his victims. And yet this man, who might have become a master of scientific crime, used the most primitive poison in the pharmacopœia when he came to de-

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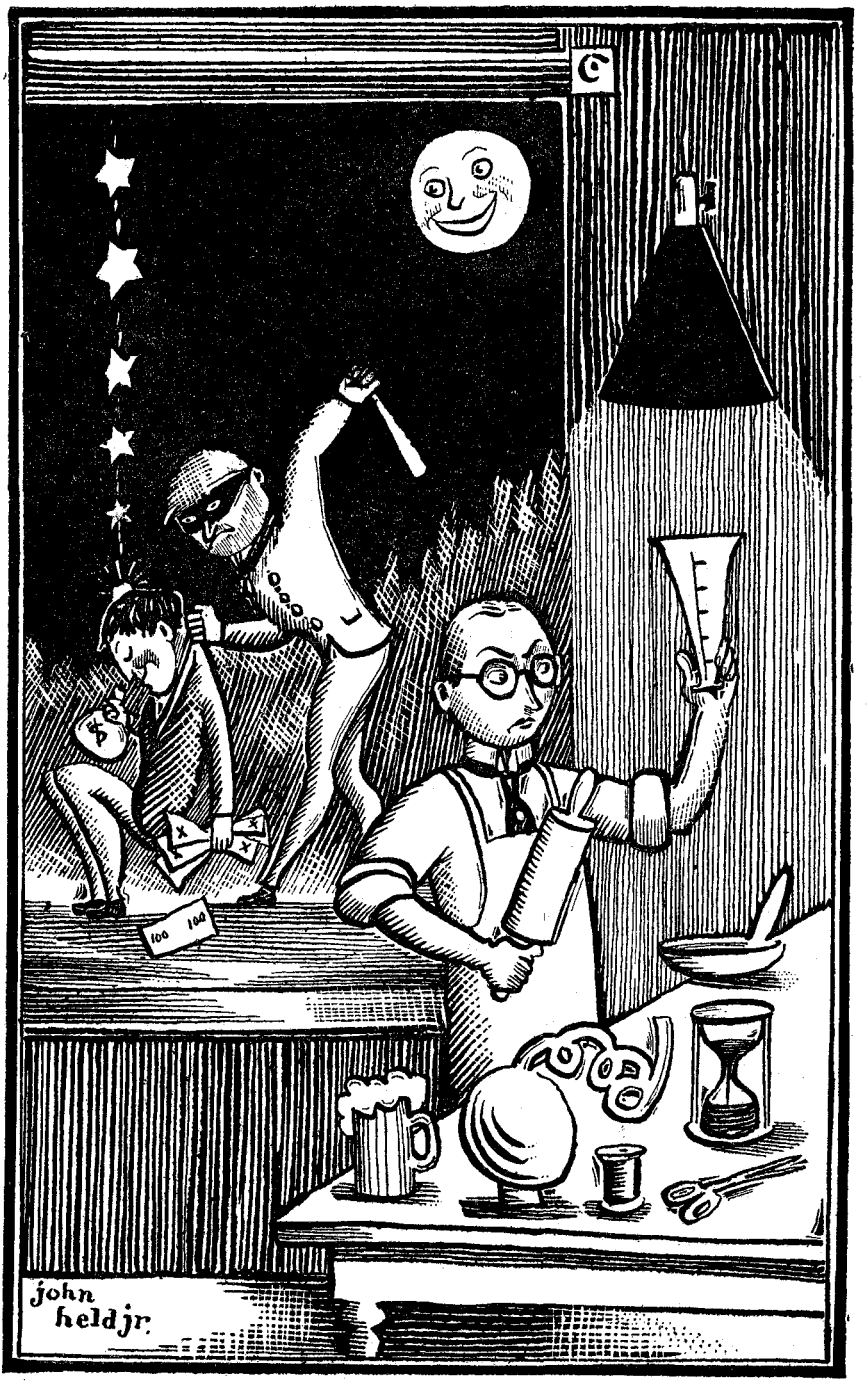

"The hardest man to catch is the one who uses the simplest, crudest method"

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spatch his victims. He needed money. It was the one passion of his life. Money—money, to gratify his extravagant and ever-increasing tastes. And so in his hurry he employed plain arsenic. Had it not been for the sheer intuition of a woman—and that you know is woman's prime gift, mere man is not supposed to have it, and yet there have cropped up here and there instances, such as Lloyd George who is said to have rare intuition—he never would have been caught. Merely suspecting that something was wrong she sent a telegram suggesting an autopsy. And this disclosed the facts.

SCIENTIFIC CRIMINALS WHO BUNGLED.

I NEVER was more disappointed—speaking from a purely scientific standpoint—in a case in my life. Here was a man who might with patience have developed into the arch-criminal of the ages—a very limb of Satan—who would have revealed to the authorities a new realm of detective research, and begun a new era in criminology. And yet because he was a spendthrift and must have money he despatches the victims, over whom he had spent laborious days and nights, by the commonest poison known—arsenic. Arthur Warren Waite lacked two of the great moral virtues—patience and the commonest sort of sense. Perhaps when the perfect type of scientific criminal is evolved he will be found to possess them all—must have them, as the very basis of his equipment.

Sounds paradoxical, doesn't it? But crime is about the most paradoxical thing so far created. The perfect type of scientific criminal may evolve in the course of time, but thus far, at least, the more scientific he is the more sure he is to bungle, to leave some loose end by which he can be caught.

Take the celebrated case of Carlyle Harris who killed a girl by the use of morphine. He simply bungled. He gave her too much. It was noticed that her pupils after death were contracted to pin-points—and that led to discovery. That was the only sign in an unsuspected case.

The reader will remember how that case led to another.

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Dr. Buchanan, a dentist, when he heard of the Harris case, remarked: "Why didn't he give her a little atropine, and dilate the pupils?" That remark was remembered some time after when Dr. Buchanan himself stood suspected of murder. The body of his victim, as it proved, was exhumed and it was found that both atropine and morphine had been administered, so as to leave no trace even in the eyes. The Doctor was convicted.

WHAT SCIENTIFIC CRIME HAS PROVED

SCIENTIFIC crime "such as it is," as the boarder remarked when he passed the butter, if it has proved anything thus far has proved that there is such a thing as being too clever a murderer. Of course the old-fashioned, and still to some extent persistent order of "square-toed" detective will not catch him. But bless you: "the force" is improving all the time. And I am not even thinking of flattering either myself or the small army of detective-story writers when I say that we have simply got to take some credit for this ourselves. I have always found—since I began to write—that I was "great friends" with any real detective. I think I know one or two men at headquarters now, who, in the parlance of the street, would give me almost anything. A young man who had been reading my stories came in to see me from Chicago a year ago and announced that he was establishing a scientific crime-laboratory. He wanted to know what he needed. I introduced him to Osborne, the hand-writing expert—a first step.

To speak boldly I consider Dr. Otto H. Schultze, medical adviser at the District Attorney's office of New York City, the nearest thing to a scientific detective there is in America. Perhaps there will always have to be a doctor in the case. You remember how *Sherlock Holmes* relied on *Dr. Watson?*

I do not investigate crimes myself, only as a looker-on, a gatherer of evidence. I only write about them. And yet often I study the actual crime and figure it out by one of two methods: analysis or deduction. The former method was Poe's; the latter Conan Doyle's.

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THE ART OF WRITING CRIME FICTION

I CHASE the criminal up on paper and put him into print, in fictional guise. And it is the most exciting, interesting and complex chase in the world. Say I am working for material on an unsolved mystery. I sit down and figure out a perfect theory that seems to fit the facts exactly and then a new little fact will pop in that upsets everything, and knocks my theory sky-high. And intuition, which is the divine gift of the great detective, must not be allowed to stray. It must be sure and compelling—straight as the arrow to the mark. Yet intuition, or rather what seems to be intuition, too often turns into an infinite capacity for making mistakes due to hasty judgment. Then it is so easy by the law of opposites in theorizing to figure out that exactly what might have happened might *not* have. I have sat down and been able to figure out that a certain man could not by any possibility have done a certain deed—and it has been proven ultimately that he did. And here comes in the advantage the Police Department will always have over a deductive sleuth working by himself—the advantage of organization. Add science to organization and you've got the game beaten.

THE FIRST SCIENTIFIC DETECTIVE STORY.

WHEN I wrote my first *Craig Kennedy* story, "The Silent Bullet," in 1909, it was turned down by every magazine I sent it to, and that was all of them. That story was a commuter. It had the highest mileage of any story ever written. I had endeavored to write the first purely scientific detective story. I had started something—and editors were afraid of it. The detective stories of Conan Doyle are not scientific, but deductive. The "science" in Conan Doyle is of the most elemental sort. Here is a grass blade—somebody has stepped on it. Here are some tobacco ashes, let's work them up. In my Preface to "The Silent Bullet," I introduce the scientific theory for the first time in an argument between *Kennedy* and *Jameson,* his *Dr. Watson. Kennedy* says, "I am going to apply science to the detection of crime; the same sort of methods by which you

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trace out the presence of a chemical, or run an unknown germ to earth."

The only reason why I started writing detective stories at all was simply that I had had a long education in Poe and Conan Doyle—and got to love them. It is so in every avocation. Poets, whom we have always been told are born not made, simply become poets because they love poetry and try to imitate what they love. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, perhaps our rarest lyric poet, confesses this frankly in his early letters. Allied closely to my own field is that of the greatest authority on the supernatural in literature in America who gives the same reason as I do: she came to write about ghosts in literature—as she states in the preface to her authoritative work "The Supernatural in English Literature"—because she came to love the ghosts!

POE FOUNDS THE DETECTIVE-STORY SCHOOL

WHAT really happened as we know was that Poe founded the detective story. "The Murders In The Rue Morgue" still stands unrivalled. We in America then did not dream what he had done when he gave us *Auguste Dupin.* On that single story was built up the whole school of French detective-story writers. One sheer laurel to Mr. Poe, at least! Conan Doyle in turn derived his inspiration from the Frenchman and from both the French and English writers the American writers got theirs. It is thus a peculiar evolution or rather involution which returns to the point from which it started. Undoubtedly the unique example in literature.

It is rare enough indeed to find the detective story that is not lacking in one great quality—scientific imagination. *Dupin,* Poe's man, had it. Dickens was fast tending toward the mystery-story when he died. The last thing he wrote was "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." There may be a hundred solutions but nobody has ever found one. Perhaps some day when I'm not too busy I'll have *Craig Kennedy* dig up *Jasper* in Chinatown (New York City), fill him up with hop: and make him tell the real truth. I don't believe

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Jasper murdered his nephew. I think the jewelry was planted in quick-lime to throw suspicion on him. If Dickens could have lived ten years longer he would have been perhaps the greatest master of the detective-story that ever lived except Poe—could *he* have compassed another decade. Both of these men were in my opinion far greater geniuses that any who have followed them in this field. And what a supreme, perhaps sublime, master Dickens would have been in the film-world! Because Dickens *thought* in motion pictures. He darkened the shadows and heightened the lights and kept his characters moving. What wonderful "pictures" (I mean "movies") some of his books have made. "Great Expectations," "Oliver Twist," too, have made very wonderful pictures—best of them all was the "Christmas Carol."

THE OLD-FASHIONED DIME NOVEL.

BUT to return to our own, American, mutton. Let us consider the old-fashioned dime-novel—beloved as ever by the younger generation to this hour. The very inception of our own school of mystery-writers was here. There are many living who can remember how the dime-novel started with stories of hairbreadth adventure, chiefly of the Wild West. Of course there were pirate stories, and stories of other climes, but our own Wild West was the favorite stamping-ground of writer and reader alike. In the early seventies a change began to creep over the face of ten-cent fiction—by all odds the widest form in which literature circulated in those days. The Wild West was becoming tamed; the mystery of foreign lands had been largely dissolved by exploration. Exit the story of adventure, enter the detective-story. It is not generally known, and I being of the craft will certainly not be guilty of telling tales out of school, but a good many fiction-writers who have since become widely famous were early contributors to this form of literature. There is an old legend to the effect that these industrious persons—and it was probably the most industrious period of their lives—always took Sunday as a day off and made up

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for it by doing 10,000 words a day for the rest of the week. Upton Sinclair has confessed that he did—and I know of one or two others. So were born the immortal *Old Sleuth* and his enterprising young successor *Nick Carter* and their progeny—"old" and "young" *King Brady*. Out of these finally evoluted the "dime novel in cloth-covers," a little less hasty in manner, but hardly less thrilling, at a dollar and a half, as we have it to-day.

And all this body of work can be claimed as a distinctive contribution to American literature.

The mystery-story is our meat.

SCIENTIFIC STORIES NOW THE FAVORITES.

THE boys of to-day are not reading the same things the last generation read. When I was a boy I worshiped Henty as all boys did. The previous generation had the same feeling for Oliver Optic. Boys don't read that kind of thing now. Their stories are built differently. The great sweep of science, beginning with the early Victorian thinkers, has had its profound influence even on the commonest literature. Our boys read scientific stories now. To-day there are whole sets of juvenile books relating adventures in a submarine. Stories about the wireless—the aeroplane—are the things boys devour now—and the detective-story. I know that I have quite a large number of readers among boys.

On the other hand what appeals to women more than the mystery-story? It may seem strange but a large percentage of my readers are women. One would think that the science in the tale would repel these gentle readers, but it seems only to attract them. You ought to look through a bunch of my letters. Seventy-five per cent of them are from women. I suppose the easiest way to account for it is that insatiable curiosity which is perhaps the strongest trait of the sex.

At a dinner of engineers not long ago a discussion about the *Craig Kennedy* stories arose. It was discovered that several of those present had tried experiments suggested by them, and some interesting experiences were related. One man had filled a chimpanzee full of radio-active water and

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had actually got a photographic impression of the animal!

Did you ever think of the vital American way we live? We are always going after mental gymnastics. Now the mystery-story is mental gymnastics. By the time one has followed a chain of facts through he has exercised his mind—he can't help it. There has never been a time when the mystery-story, in motion-pictures, in plays, in periodicals, in books, was in such demand. The adventure story, the travel story, the story of world-discovery, exploration, are back numbers. To-day it is the mystery-story. To-morrow it will be the mental adventure into those psychic realms we have only just begun to investigate. We have conquered everything; we have discovered everything, but the unseen world. We must find another dimension. And I think the means of expression will be revealed—on the screen!

ON READING THE "VITA NUOVA"

By JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH

OF his high song the vision and the flame
Is there enshrined; if any perisheth,
If some soul the echo still is "death";
Read here and be ascribed of mortal shame,
O poet of the dawn! whose waking cry
The while your heart in rapture wondereth,
Kin to immortal and yet mortal breath,
Whereas ye ponder on that heavenly dame.

O poet of the dawn! whose waking cry
Shed light and love o'er all this heavy sphere,
The centuries but reawake the sigh
That from thy gentle breast upspringeth here:
When love is cold this miracle shall move
Men still to say: "Here lives the life of love!"

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REACTIONARY POLICIES OF OUR SOCIAL REVOLUTION

By HON. LEE S. OVERMAN
[U. S. SENATOR FROM NORTH CAROLINA]

IT is none the less with regret that we must recognize a very strange fact in our national strength, the fact that there exists in the United States a social revolution. Our reactionary overseas neighbor—war—has invaded the industrial law and order of the country, has disturbed our standards and traditions, has made restlessness the common lot.

We are worn out with problems of all sorts, there is nightmare among us. These feverish symptoms are dangerous indications of overworry, overwork, oversensitiveness of the national temperament. The family physician, that stanch old practitioner of so many political conferences, Doctor Administration, is placed in the difficult position of diagnosing a rebellious sickness. The political fever germ is not new in the practice of administrative duty, but Woodrow Wilson, in his official capacity as the physician of moral and intellectual disease in our midst, has had to face reactionary surprises in the course of his national diagnosis. By degrees through internal and international complication he finds himself confronted with a problem that has not happened since the days of Washington, the problem of making a new nation out of an old one, of restoring its strength by the transfusion of foreign blood. The ethics of this operation are as old as the practice of leeching, of which our full-blooded prosperous nation has been in sore need. The symptoms of our disorder are only new in one respect, we are emerging from the growing pains of political differences into full stature and strength of our relation to the rest of the world.

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We are taller, stronger, younger, morally and mentally quicker than our national associates across the ocean. Already the national physician now in office has demonstrated these improvements in us. Though he has had to go abroad to examine the diplomatic laboratories of Europe to do this, his studious observation of these conditions has served only to improve his diagnosis of our national health and happiness.

DEMOCRACY THE BEST MEDICINE

STILL we are covered with the rash of social revolution. It is probably the poison coming out of us, the symptom of a reactionary medicine that is good for us. A rebellious patient is a good sign, it occurs only in convalescence.

Democracy is the draft that has brought about improvements such as I have mentioned in our national welfare, thanks to a Democratic physician who expects the reactionary symptoms. Until the war was inevitable, until it was clear that the defense against violence was a victorious remedy, Democracy scarcely knew how young it was, scarcely knew what zest for courage and manhood and sacrifice of blood for the right, was in it. Democracy had grown middle-aged, politically content, tolerant of imperialism in others, indifferent almost to the rest of the world. Its political differences of opinion from opponents were traditional, its patriotism a religion symbolized in obeisance to the Stars and Stripes. With the election of the Democratic President, Democracy was tempted to settle back comfortably in the program of political pledges and ideals. The interim of the past seven years is an extraordinary record. We are dealing just now with the present, the past has been justified in the present. It is with the reactionary symptoms of today and of tomorrow that we are occupied just now.

What are these reactionary disturbances?

1. There is war taxation, more especially the luxury tax.

2. Prohibition has been included in the list, though it was a policy mooted before the war.

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3. The problem of the unemployed soldiers.

4. The League of Nations.

5. The armistice *vs.* peace.

6. The equal franchise of votes for men and women.

7. The definite lines to be drawn between socialism and anarchy.

8. The causes of social revolution and their outcomes.

9. And, last but not least, difference in creed of political parties, if not difference in patriotism.

WAR TAXES BRING PERPLEXITY AND REBELLION

THE obedience, or should we say the co-operation of the people, in the demands made upon them under the laws of special war taxation were generously understood and supported. Democracy demonstrated that money has no restrictions against the war policies of the Government. The only reactionary symptom of social unrest in relation to public taxes has come since the war. It culminated in open rebellion with the luxury tax. America, the most extravagant country in the world, was puzzled to find out what a luxury really was. Luxuries had long ago become necessities, whereas necessities were for the unfortunate only. No American is willing to be in that class, so it became all but impossible to differentiate between a luxury tax and other taxes. It was a problem for a Voltaire, a cynic's opportunity. In its final legal form the luxury tax became an irritant, a new rash upon the face of national Americanism. Political party opponents pointed at it with assurances that it was a visible symptom of Democratic weakness. Almost everything we had been accustomed to use had become a luxury. It was feared that some form of socialism was threatened in the spread of the luxury tax fever. It may have contributed to restlessness of the national system, but it has made us think of an ideal we had almost forgotten in our domestic life, an ideal of economy. Perhaps it will be consistently modified as we grow stronger in the new stature of our international importance.

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PROHIBITION A NATIONAL IMPULSE

AS to prohibition, that is an issue that was incipient before the war. It is no part of the new national growth. Its influence on the present restlessness of our social life is being recruited, but, prohibition is not a political theory, it is a national impulse. Prohibition is perhaps being used by those who desire to use it for its political value, and it will no doubt emerge into greater social restlessness as it comes to a head. In no sense can prohibition, however, be attached to the reactionary symptoms imposed by the war.

Demobilization is a problem of all war histories. There is less to fear from this reactionary influence upon the social life of the country than from any other source. The Government through the people have taken good care of the Army and Navy people, and will continue to do so. The Government Employment Bureaus are one solution of getting jobs for the demobilized men, and the greatest effort is being made to establish them on farms, in developing the soil of the land, for the greatest victory of any nation lies in its agricultural pursuits. The seed is the sustenance and strength of the people. Still, there is some rebellion against this plan because the war has left our young men fused with a restless ambition to be masters instead of helpers. The helper is usually the master after all, if we penetrate deep enough into the source of our recent national victory.

UNREST DUE TO LEAGUE OF NATIONS

AS to the League of Nations, the unrest it has caused in this country is partly due to political differences of national ideals, and partly to the mysterious birthright of the document itself. It is a new theory of government, a merit to political opponents, an ideal to political sponsors, an argumentative source of bitter-sweet talk. Born with it is its twin issue—reconstruction. In the character of these issues there is the menace of social revolution, and yet, the doctor who has been in charge of our case in Paris is gifted with such exceptional skill in his long study of historical data, that the unrest his prescription will cause is not unknown to him.

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I assume that he has taken it into account in his general diagnosis of our national restlessness. It is all a part of the administrative perception.

With the signing of the armistice there spread over this country an elation that was feverishly exciting. It crystallized the motive of our part in the war and overlooked all other consequences save that the world's menace, war, had been overthrown. This conclusion is still sound and true—but actual peace was the next step. Our national idea of peace is likely to become the most reactionary symptom of our life.

WHAT IS PEACE AND WHAT IS WAR?

THESE are virulent reactions of our restless faith. There are many prescribed remedies, and many remedies that are proscribed. I fancy we shall, in the course of our recovery from the present social unrest, discover that peace is a world problem universally related to all other nations, as well as our own. The United States will be ready to stand guard with the rest in spite of political differences that will for a time disturb the diplomatic dose that has been prepared for us in the European laboratories of diplomacy. It may not be so unpleasant as it is described. It may improve the internal distemper of social revolution.

Woman Suffrage has been agreed upon, and the reactionary influence of the woman-ballot is something I am fully in accord with. As the full opportunity which this federal pledge gives to the American ballot box becomes better known, there will enter into the national life of organized voting strength, an element that will purify political questions, that will in itself represent an antidote for that phase of social revolution which is largely political.

THE BLACK POISON OF ANARCHY

NO revolutionary danger in any nation escapes the black poison of anarchy. It is the mysterious germ of death in all such revolutions. It is a paralysis of fear that eats into the arteries of national health and challenges its life. Just

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now it is the most unconspicuous reactionary mystery to Government authority, as well as to the people of the United States. Organized labor, often unjustly suspected of revolutionary impulse when it is merely pressing forward in the march of progressive individual rights, has disowned anarchy and its methods. And yet, it seems to thrive in its violent formula against capital. Like the hyena, that scavenger, the beast of prey can imitate the voice of innocence, of an old, old philosophy, luring the unbalanced and the unthinking. Once let the so-called philosophy of socialism become successfully applied by the anarchist, and our social revolution may reach the hearts of the people. I am not afraid of socialism as it is properly presented or even practiced, but when it becomes confused with the violent elements of anarchy, of strike, of murder in our midst, then I think socialism should be warned not merely with paternal advice, but with a paternal ultimatum of Government authority. Anarchy is no political abscess of modern life in a nation, it is a plague brought over to us from the plague spots of worn-out European institutions. Socialism does not breed from it nor does it breathe freely in socialism, though it is undoubtedly some kin to the socialist theory of such men as Lenine and Trotzsky in Russia. But there is a line between socialism and anarchy that separates the intellectual aspiration of one from the scum of the other. In my capacity as Chairman of the Sub-judiciary Investigating Committee of Congress, I absorb much from what I heard. I was not neglected among those marked by the bomb throwers of anarchy in my own home, nor have they neglected to send me threats of personal violence. There are maniacs in the human family but they are usually recognizable, and as such their fate in this country is pitiably certain. While anarchy may be spoken of as the hidden force lying beneath our present social revolution, it is not true, because as a nation we are a sane democracy and shall always remain so—perfectly sane.

The causes of social revolution are perhaps not so important as their outcome, and I am convinced that we shall require the most watchful government control of these causes,

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for the next few years. I am also convinced that none of the contributing opinions which have brought about the present state of social revolution in this country proceed from any political tactics.

A NEW AMERICA RISING

POLITICALLY we are fast becoming a nation of one creed. It may not be a political creed, but it will be something stronger and mightier than any political conscience has anticipated. We are united as to the elements of patriotism. There is no difference in political feeling there. Of course, in Congress we appear to be a body of men representing different political standards requested by our constituents. This, of course, we are, but there is no danger of these political differences ever becoming a part of the social revolution we have been talking about. No American, bound though he may be by the political traditions inherited since the days of the Constitution, will ever entangle his patriotism or his Americanism with the web of social revolution. What party we belong to does not matter, the most important fact for us as a nation to consider is whether we are living here because we were born here, or whether we are living here enjoying American rights under alien privileges. There would be no social revolution once our national differences or feeling upon international matters have been adjusted. This will soon be done. Then, I see a new America, the youngest, the most vigorous, the most highly intellectual and moral force in a Congress of the World.

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THE DIVORCE CONFLICT

By DELANCEY KNOX

EASY divorce or difficult divorce? Which is it in America? Which is better? Or no divorce at all?

The question splits the thought of today with the same violence that has characterized each propounding of it, down through the years. Is divorce a menace or a boon? Statesmen have indicted it and applauded it; the pulpit has railed at it; publicists of two decades ago predicted that it would bring America to the "demnition bow-wows." Yet, with all its divorces our land is quite healthy and hale. "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." But persons so joined—according to the clergy—are being put asunder. In America no less than 100,000 a year.

Fifty years ago there were but 28 divorces for every 100,000 of population; today there are almost 80. Almost one out of every ten American marriages ends in a divorce court. Most of our divorces are granted in the West; the further West, the more divorces per unit of population. For years the Pacific Coast was the divorce center of the entire world. The Eastern States increased the West's total; for example, about 50% of New York's cases are migratory, *i.e.*, the person seeking the divorce has established a residence in some more western State to avail him or herself of the more liberal canons of divorce existing there. And year by year the number of our divorces increases. Why?

Now, of course, the world knows that our divorce laws are quite absurd. In New York adultery has to be proven for a divorce whereas in California "cruelty" is entirely sufficient. What is "cruelty," between man and wife? Upon what grounds should divorce be granted? The other day in New York there was a lady who went to court insisting upon a divorce. What for? Her husband—the wretch!— snored abysmally. The lady was entirely sincere in her opinion that she was entitled to a divorce; for her husband's snoring

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kept her awake and this lack of sleep would seriously affect her health—all of which was cruelty. Then, of course, her husband could desist from snoring did he care to, but he wanted to annoy her—boo hoo!—and he was just too mean for anything. Quite naturally the case was thrown out of court. All of which opens up a speculation as to the ultimate outcome. Either the lady had a case of nerves, based upon a hysterical decision that any man who snored and kept her awake was a brute and, *ergo,* unworthy of her love—in which case a box of candy, some flowers, a dinner at a cabaret would doubtless restore connubial bliss. Or, the lady was just tired of her hubby, and, craving "freedom," seized hold of any flimsy excuse she could lay hands upon to start the legal machinery. In which case, balked by the courts on her snoring plea, she would ultimately be "free" anyhow—if she could afford it—by merely taking up a residence in some other State and there bringing suit upon "cruelty" or "desertion." Yes, it is quite easy to be divorced in America if one has the price or the will to see the thing through.

IS THE "NEW WOMAN" TO BLAME?

WHY are divorces increasing? There are those who blame the "new woman." I have heard learned persons say that when in defiance of all history and her apparent destiny, a woman abandons the home and refuses to consider marriage and motherhood, the object of her existence, she no longer loves or inspires love. I have heard sociological leaders declare that within the last twenty years—during which woman "gained her rights"—that the "sanctity of marriage" has never been so assailed. Women have abandoned the hearthstone to become writers, artists, teachers, actresses, lawyers, brokers, conductors, factory workers—what not. And the wise ones tell us that this abandonment is a fundamental cause for our growing number of divorces.

Not so long ago there came into a divorce court of Boston a man who shall be known as Mr. X. He had a grievance and wanted a divorce. He earned $30.00 a week and gave it all to his wife, holding out on 10 cents a day "for

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my beer." He demanded a divorce because his wife was "neglecting the home." How? She went to the "movies" and stayed there till late in the afternoon during the hours "when she ought to be home, preparing the evening meal. I come home tired, Judge, and hungry, and there ain't no supper ready." The court explained to the man that in Massachusetts that was no ground for divorce and that he must continue to live with his wife.

"But, your Honor, if I stop at home, must I cook for myself and the children? Can't you order her to tend to her house? She's at the movies every afternoon, sir, and me cooking the meat and potatoes." But, alas, the court could do nothing.

A study of the domestic strife discloses that motion-pictures are today to the neglectful wife what the cheap paper-covered novels of yesterday were to slovens who sat around their homes in soiled wrappers and devoured pages of romantic rot while their rooms remained untidied and pig-styish. But not only that type of woman germinates divorce. Into a Chicago court, an imposing woman of considerable beauty and brilliant raiment, haled an insignificant looking husband and demanded a divorce. "Your Honor, he is going to desert me."

The wife, who must be recorded as Mrs. Z., declared that her spouse was about to "skip" and leave her penniless. He was going to "his people in Kansas and leave me without a cent." Was the court going "to let him get away with that, without giving me a divorce?" The following conversation took place between the culprit and the judge:

"Are you trying to desert your wife?"

"No, your Honor, but"—the husband's cough interrupted.

"Let's hear your story."

Then, accompanied by much coughing from the little husband and frequent outbursts from his wife, Mr. Z. told "his side." The doctors told him that, were he longer to work indoors, he would not have long to live. His lungs were ripe for consumption. He must work in the open air.

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He had arranged to work with a relation who owned a farm in Kansas, but his wife refused to leave the city; she liked it too much.

"You see, your Honor, my wife worked before she married me and made good money. Somehow that's made her always want to do what she wants."

The judge was stern. He made Mrs. Z. stand at her husband's side while he said to him:

"You go to Kansas, to your new work, make a home there for this woman and send for her. If she refuses to come to you, she must support herself. This court would never grant her a divorce for desertion, based upon any such circumstances."

Ah, that court, no. But the plumaged Mrs. Z. who loved the city so much that she would not leave it, even with the issue her husband's health, could quite easily go to Michigan, live there a year, bring suit for desertion—which, like 90% of our divorce cases would be undefended—and win her decree.

The girl who has worked should know the value of money, should be able to instal into the management of the home some sense of order that she has learned in business—one hears these things also, that the "business girl" should make an ideal wife. And she does—but not always. For the mills of divorce have ground out cases, caused by nothing else than that the girl before she was married had her own money. She earned her money and spent it the way she liked. Often she marries a man who does not earn double what she earned. Often it is difficult for her to adjust herself to the economic fact that she cannot spend his money (theirs, rather) the way *she* likes. Many is the quarrel, terminating in divorce, that had its beginnings in that one fact.

ORIENTAL VIEWPOINTS OF WOMEN

THE United States has a higher percentage of divorce cases than any country in the world except Japan. All of which makes one wonder if the moralists are right when they tell us that the "instability of marriage is a men-

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ace to national existence." For no scanner of the world's horizon can see the existence of the United States, or of Japan, menaced. Divorce in Japan is easy because their philosophers and moralists have preached from time immemorial "the inferiority of women." Their great teacher, Kaibara, said: "The five greatest maladies of the feminine mind are indocility, ill humor, love of gossip, jealousy and stupidity. Without a doubt seven or eight women out of every ten are affected with all these maladies, hence their inferiority as regards men."

Confucianism makes of woman an eternal child, an incurable invalid. Buddhism treats her more severely; still, not content with denying her reason, it holds her to be diabolical, more wicked even than weak.

"The outward appearance of woman is that of a saint," says a Buddhist maxim, "but her heart is that of a demon."

Which teaching, instilled into the minds of Orientals, has made divorce in Japan extremely easy—for men. In America, however, we have made it easy for both men and women. Our claim to asininity rests in the fact that we have as many divorce codes as we have States; and what is grounds for divorce in Michigan is not grounds for divorce in New York; and that a divorcée married again is perfectly all right in the eyes of Pennsylvania, but is a bigamist in the cold sight of Connecticut.

HOW MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE ARE ABUSED

THE marriage and divorce exploits of certain widely known Americans—two men prominent in the theatrical world, for example, who matrimonially raced each other to see who could marry the more times—have of a necessity cast onus upon divorce. That the institution has been wretchedly abused and made vulnerable, as a consequence, for the shafts of the moralists goes without saying. There comes to mind, also, a woman, who still in her thirties has been married and divorced six times. She shall be known as Mrs. Joy. Her motto was, "If at first you don't succeed, try and try again." She tried everything from a coachman to a

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newspaper man and at the last reports was still going strong and about to try again.

Her first husband, Mrs. Joy divorced on grounds of "incompatibility," and, four years later, she was married to him again. The second honeymoon "was marred by his ungovernable temper." There was a consoling clerk in the hotel, however, so Mrs. Joy promptly divorced her husband and married the hotel clerk. Her grounds were "ungovernable temper." The hotel clerk, Mr. Stroller, lasted a year; then she divorced him on grounds of cruelty brought about by "insane jealousy of her literary heroes."

Mrs. Joy, it seemed, had developed the desire to write and she wrote love tales, whose heroes loved their heroines to madness. One of her heroes, *Alexander Patton,* terribly incensed the ex-hotel clerk, now her husband. He fancied his wife in love with this person of her imagination and one day he threw the manuscript of the novel, through the pages of which *Alexander Patton* panted passionately, into the waste-basket. Going quite mad, her husband searched her trunk and dressing table for other "literary heroes" and collecting an armful hurled them into the grate.

The lady sued him for divorce—after establishing a residence in a State with convenient laws—and said in court: "My husband was jealous of the creatures figuring in my stories—jealous of them because I lavished on them all the affection and tenderness bestowed on a child by the mother who gives it birth." And she got her divorce.

Excursions of that sort in and out of matrimony have given the Pharisees of our land ample ammunition to fire at divorce. As has Reno, Nevada. It was inevitable that Reno should have been lamented over. In its boom days, when a person had only to live there six months to bring action for divorce, some rather audacious things were done, only to bring divorce into ill repute. Do you remember the New York society leader who got her divorce in Reno? Two hours after it was signed, she married again and in Reno. Do you recall the noted actress who was divorced in Reno by Judge Pike and then had the audacity to ask him to marry her to

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the new man of her choice? Little episodes like that, quite scandalizing to most people, brought Reno and divorce into disrepute. The implication was a frivolous attitude toward marriage. Such incidents roused a storm of protest, just as a mutter went up throughout the land when a millionaire, who went down on the *Titanic,* was divorced by his wife after a "star chamber" hearing in New York which took only *three minutes!*

Students of sociological conditions attribute our increasing number of divorces to the fact that the woman of today is better educated than her grandmother was. They say that a broadening of religion is also responsible, that women no longer have the superstitious fear of divorce that was theirs a generation ago. The higher tension of business life has also something to do with it. A husband, his mind obsessed with some business deal of tremendous importance, goes out in the morning without kissing his wife. All day she may brood over his "coldness." There are men and there are women who expect to find in marriage a continuation of the romance of courtship and wonder when each day brings less ecstasy and discloses more imperfections, each to the other. And one day, one of them is thinking, "I'll get a divorce. She's not the girl I thought she was."

REMEDIES FOR THE DIVORCE EVIL

IT is human nature, particularly so of the "my brother's keeper" type of person, to propose remedies for the "evils to which the human race is heir." Divorce, in many eyes being a favorite evil, all sorts of remedies have been proposed for it. In all seriousness, Dr. Harvey M. Wiley, the "pure food man," told an audience: "Better bread-making would lead to fewer divorces. If the bakers make good bread, the great destroyer of human happiness, dyspepsia, will be removed and we shall hear no more of the divorce problem."

Such a statement is based upon the old-fashioned saying that the way to a man's heart is via his stomach. The corollary to which, if we are to follow Dr. Wiley's reasoning, is

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—win a man's stomach and divorce is abolished. How many husbands do you know who dwell in domestic bliss, who are happy, merely because their wives are good cooks? Of course, those men who deify their bellies and have no other interest in life save the pleasing of their palates and the gratification of their gastric juices would be supremely happy with a woman whose one asset as a maker of happiness was that she could cook exquisitely. But how many such men are there?

Foreigners tell us that the cause for our vast number of divorces is that we make marriage too easy. They tell us that many of our young people look at marriage too childishly, not seeing the economic, sociological and political status of the family. When our youth marries does it realize the integral relation of marriage to the State? When Prince Gennaro Caracciolo of Italy was among us, studying our life and our institutions, he made some observations upon our divorces. The Prince, in whose land divorce is impossible, where, when man and woman marry, they know that only death can part them and—so the Prince says—therefore look well before they leap—the Prince made it his business to discuss divorce with judges, lawyers, happily and unhappily married women, with bachelors and young girls throughout the United States. Perhaps an alien has a perspective upon us sharper than is our own upon ourselves. And when the Prince had studied his observations, he said:

AN ITALIAN VIEW OF MARRIAGE

"WHEN I first came here I could not believe what I read in the newspapers, about young men and women meeting at supper, falling in love, going out in search of a minister or an alderman and being married before they knew each other. Yet I learned that these things actually happened. I met the parents of young people who had gone away together in a motor-car and telegraphed after a few hours that they were married. I heard of authenticated cases in which a man in a state of intoxication was entrapped by a woman into a sudden marriage. I came across even sadder

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cases in which innocent girls were entrapped by designing scoundrels.

"And I said to myself that when marriages were made like that divorce courts were a necessary corollary. If there were none already you would have to create them. 'Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' Yes, but what the devil hath joined together man will have to put asunder sooner or later. Such marriages as those I speak of are not 'made in heaven.'

"Yet I would not say that every ill-considered marriage is the devil's work. Many of them are merely the thoughtless folly of youth. I know that young men and girls often marry innocently, but without the solemn consideration that ought to precede the step. These are the real tragedies of love.

"It should be made impossible for young people to marry hastily and thoughtlessly. I do not think that the European system, in which the parents arrange a marriage and in which the young people sometimes scarcely have a chance to know each other well before their wedding, would work well in this country. But I am sure that there should be much more parental authority in matrimonial affairs. I believe, for example, that no man or woman having living parents should be able to marry without their explicit consent or, in the event of their unreasonable refusal, the formal permission of a judge, granted after a hearing on an order to show cause."

But how does that circumvent the problem of the American Dollar? Everybody knows that money is at the bottom of most divorce cases. Nine times out of ten the "first quarrel" of a young married couple is over money. Also, the acquisition of money brings temptations. Poverty or semi-poverty, the necessity for watching every dollar keeps many men close to the home hearth. It is when wives are left alone, in the hours when they expect their husband's companionship, that sunny skies begin to darken. Not very often is a man, who has to watch the nickels of carfare and lunch, tempted—unless there be a reincarnation of Catherine of Russia abroad in the city seeking perfect male specimens.

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No, the records show that in years of ill times, when the family budget must be closely watched, when economies knit the family closer together, that divorces are fewer than they are in the years of plenty. That is a fact.

INCOMPATIBILITY AND OTHER DIVORCE EXCUSES

NO man can utter broadsides upon the divorce question for no man knows all men—and surely no man knows any woman—for divorce directly concerns men and women, *individuals*. A "good wife," a good housekeeper, faithful and loyal to her husband, comely in his sight, but surpassingly dull would make heavenly bliss for one man and sheer hell for another. There are men, as everyone knows, who would be entirely happy with a woman of that sort, and those men are fortunate, for of such women there are an abundance. But marry a man of imagination to that type of woman, a man who needs mental exercise, some stimulus of the mind as well as of the body—such a man would make a nightmare of her life and of his own. Yet in the world there is a woman who would make him happy. Such a condition, as I have described, is called as you know "incompatibility." In the eyes of many States, it is just as sound a base for divorce action as is adultery.

As a matter of fact in the last half century adultery as a ground for divorce has increased less than any other cause. "Cruelty" has increased in leaps and bounds; and the "cruelty of wives toward husbands" had increased more than any other cause. "Desertion" has increased twice as much as has adultery. A good old reliable cause upon which to base a divorce case is "neglect to provide"—very popular. Now in States that permit divorce for "cruelty" it is very easy to win a case—physical cruelty or mental cruelty, it does not matter, and either is easy to prove, particularly when a case is not defended, as are 90% of all our divorce cases. "Desertion" and "neglect to provide" are equally easy to prove. I know a girl who eloped, woke up, left her husband, went to West Virginia to establish a residence, spending most of her time, however, in New York, at the end

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of a year brought suit upon "desertion," claiming he deserted her. The poor fool would have gone to the end of the earth for her! And she got her divorce!

Dr. Joseph F. Johnson, when teaching economics and sociology in New York University—the man who declined President McKinley's offer of appointment as Comptroller of the Currency—made an exhaustive study of divorce, tunnelling down through the prejudice and superstition overlaying the subject. He reached an opinion that marriage is more the business of the State than it is of the Church; and that divorce was therefore the State's and not the Church's business. He says:

"Marriage is not a sacrament. It is a social contract. The trouble with our marriage and divorce laws is that no one made them. They were just handed down by our ancestors who had evolved them among conditions of life totally different from those that now exist. They are so tangled up with religious rites that men and women believe that they are God-ordained and perfect. They are nothing of the sort. Many people will not even tolerate discussion of these things and look upon any attempt to analyze the facts and treat the problem in a scientific manner as rank blasphemy. Their marriage laws are part of their religion; they are to them what Christianity is to a Christian, pie to a New Englander and cotton to the South—something sacrosanct."

Professor Johnson holds that if marriage is founded upon the affection of one person for another—which is what our unselfish, unsordid (*i.e.* without marriage contract), idealistic American marriages are supposed to be founded on—that when such affection disappears, all ground for the marriage vanishes. Which seems quite logical. But what about the children? The opponents of divorce tell us that children of divorced parents "come to no good end." Those who believe in divorce say that it is better for a child to be separated from his father or his mother—as the court may decide—than to live his childhood in the environment of a quarreling, disillusioned home. What do you think?

"Whom God hath joined together, let no man put

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asunder," say the clergy. On marriage, the early Christian religion compromised; it widened down through time, discarded "original sin" and "infant damnation" and other man-made theories; it ceased its ascetic attacks upon Love which nature designed to people the earth and, assuming marriage as its own institution, created laws about it. These laws highly embarrass most of the splendid, sound and broad-thinking clergy of today. The assumption of early Christianity of marriage, meant likewise an assumption of divorce. Indeed divorce was not thought of in those early days. It came as men and women became more educated. It increases as more men and more women shake off the fogging superstitions of the past; it increases as men and women resent and shake off the tenets made by ascetics, centuries ago; it increases as "the right to happiness" grows more in recognition. Only the abuses and absurdities of some divorce cases render the whole institution vulnerable to the shafts of those who think in the past or who possess a congenital dislike of complete happiness for human beings.

And when a woman asks for a divorce because her husband snores, that is *not* the reason. Behind most of the absurd excuses aired in the divorce courts, is something intangible. The man, or the woman, is not happy in marriage and, to escape, to try and find happiness, he or she clutch at anything. And the world laughs.

A DAISY

By RUTH MASON RICE

YOU'RE so cunning, and so clipped about the edge; so white and neat;
While at your saffron centre you're so yearning and so sweet;
Like Love—that's pure and cooling when you touch its outward part;
But burning hot and ruling—at its heart.

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COST-ACCOUNTING AND LABOR

Wage-Adjustment in the Balance

By PERLEY MORSE, C.P.A.

One of the most highly charged issues between capital and labor is the question of collective bargaining. Mr. Morse's extensive accountancy and investigating work in the great shipbuilding concerns, in large business enterprises, and for the Federal Trade Commission, has given him exceptional opportunity to realize the importance of cost-accounting in adjusting labor and capital issues.

COST-FINDING is one of the most important things before the business community of America today. The situation between the manufacturers and labor can be met only if capital learns something of which it is in total ignorance now. Not one per cent of the manufacturers of the United States know absolutely, to a dollar, what it costs to produce the article which they offer for sale. Such a condition seems incredible, but, from my wide experience, investigating the books of industries throughout the United States, I know this to be true. How can capital decide about the wages it can or cannot afford to pay labor, unless capital knows precisely its manufacturing costs? How can there be any profit-sharing arrangements between capital and labor, unless capital knows precisely its manufacturing costs? And capital does *not* know!

The price of clothing, shoes, food, rent, indeed of everything, has increased. To meet this rise in the cost of living, labor is naturally asking more wages. To meet this condition, some manufacturers arbitrarily raised the prices of their goods. The increase was all out of proportion. The gain in

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their profits is entirely unwarranted. Blindly, to raise the pay of labor, such manufacturers jacked up their prices to such an extent that they themselves are really making too much money. This way of meeting a labor situation is unfair; it is a hardship on the community. It is due to the fact that the manufacturers did not know what it actually cost to make their goods. They had to meet labor, so to be on the safe side they put the price of their finished product up to the sky.

Another group of manufacturers tried to comply with labor's demands, and also to sell at the same old price. They also are muddling around in the dark, not knowing where they are at, because they do not know what it actually costs them to make their products. Some day they will wake up to the sound of a crash.

To illustrate: Early in 1917, a manufacturer's product sold for $4.00. The raw material in it cost $1.00; the labor cost $1.00; the "overhead" against it was $1.00. That left $1.00 to pay general administrative charges, interest on bonds, or mortgages, and dividends to shareholders.

THE MANUFACTURER'S VITAL PROBLEM

TODAY labor cannot afford to live on the dollar, represented in that article. Likewise, there has been an increase in raw material, and in the "overhead." The manufacturer's problem is to learn every item of expense, to the cent, involved in the cost of making the article, so that he will know how much he must charge for it today, paying as he is all the increases in the cost of production. For example, today the component charges against the article that sold for $4.00 in 1917 would be as follows: Labor, $2.00; raw materials, $2.00; "overhead," $2.00; general administrative expense, interest on bonds and mortgages, dividends for stock for shareholders, $1.00. This brings his actual cost against that article to $7.00. Unless he knows this actual cost, he is going to sell the article for $6.00, for example, and lose money; or he is going to sell for $8.00, and make an exorbitant profit.

Cost-finding is the solution. If a manufacturer knows

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his actual costs, and, I repeat, only about one per cent in all the United States do, although nearly all *think* they know—if a manufacturer knows his actual costs, he knows, then, how much he can increase wages, with "safety." He knows how much more he must charge for the goods to keep out of financial trouble. Cost-finding also is a valuable aid to him in competition. It tells him how little, with "safety," he can cut prices against his competitor, and still meet his own fixed charges.

Labor is clamoring for more wages. The subject of labor was an important part of the President's message. The object of conducting business is to secure a profit. Nothing that relates to manufacturing is of more importance than "costing." Efficiency rules may be applied in an excellently equipped factory, but unless the proprietor has an adequate cost-finding system he is liable to suffer financial loss. If he does not know with a close degree of accuracy what the different articles he manufactures have cost and at what prices he can afford to sell, he is not in a position to meet competition intelligently. He invites business disaster.

CHAOS IN PAPER MANUFACTURING

DURING the war, there was a scarcity of paper for all purposes. Enormous quantities of it were being used by the Government. The red tape of the Adjutant-General's office and the Quartermaster's Department necessitated the filling out of tons of records. The Government was consuming unheard of quantities of paper for propaganda work. It was feared that there would be a paper famine. Prices were high; the newspapers complained of the prices they were being charged for news-print paper, and appealed to the Federal Trade Commission. I was employed by the Commission to find the real cost of news-print paper. It was suspected that the paper-mills did not know the actual cost of production, and that, as a result, prices were higher than they should be. My organization investigated and we did "cost-finding" work in the large paper-mills of the United States and Canada. The result was a hearing in Washington, where it was

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brought out that the mills had *not* known the actual cost of production, and there is half a billion dollars of capital in that industry!

The Government, as a result of our cost-finding, fixed an arbitrary price upon news-print paper. The mills of Canada and the United States then employed us to create for them a cost-finding system, which they could put in operation in all of their plants, so that they could quickly ascertain just how much it was costing them to produce paper. We devised this system, and the Government endorsed it. It is now being installed in all the paper-mills of the United States and Canada. The paper-mills are today thus in a position to handle intelligently the labor question. This simply boils down to—what is the minimum increase that should be made in the charge for the article, so as to pay the increase in labor's wage. It sounds so simple that you would think that every manufacturer would know it, but not one in a hundred does.

Under conditions as they existed formerly a manufacturer may have been satisfied with the profit on his whole line of products, as shown by his annual profit statement. In these days, however, there is keenest competition in almost every line of manufacture, and the survival of the fittest is the inexorable law of the business world. Even if a manufacturer is satisfied with his yearly profit, he should of course always know on which particular products he is making the most profit, and on which he is making only a narrow margin of profit, or losing money. Intelligent "cost-finding" enables him to distinguish between the profits on different products, and to discontinue the manufacturing of products sold at a loss. It enables him to limit the sales of products on a small margin of profit, and to give more attention to the manufacture and marketing of products on which the largest profits are realized. Cost-accounting is especially important for manufacturers with small capital, in order that they may meet the severe competition of those who manufacture on an extensive scale. Of what avail is the installation of up-to-date machinery, the adoption of efficiency rules,

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if a manufacturer has no system by which he can accurately know the actual costs of his different units of production? An amazing number of American manufacturers have practically no cost-finding system or only the crudest sorts of systems.

WHAT GUESSWORK LEADS TO

MOST manufacturers know the cost of materials and the direct labor-costs for each unit of production. The trouble comes when they get into general expenses, "burden," or as it is commonly called, "overhead." These general expenses are never accurately distributed unless a manufacturer has an efficient cost-finding system. When they try to determine their production costs, many manufacturers simply judge from past experience, and add to the material and labor costs what they think the charge for "overhead" should be. Then they fix their prices accordingly. If they manufacture any variety of products, such guesswork inevitably leads to diminution of profit, and financial loss.

It is our small manufacturers who, for the most part, are suffering because of lack of information about costs. They complain of the fierceness of competition yet do not avail themselves of a costing system, which would protect them against selling at a loss and insure larger profits. Many of the troubles of business, not only with labor, but the ruthless competition of one manufacturer against another—with disaster for one or both—are caused by lack of information about production costs.

Appreciating this situation two departments of the United States Government—the Department of Commerce and the Federal Trade Commission—have broadcasted the manufacturers of America, urging them to install, immediately, cost-systems. Whole industries have suffered from the general lack of intelligent costing. Manufacturers make prices to undersell competitors, not really knowing whether they are making money, or losing money, on the goods they sell. I know of cases where the manufacturer thought he was making money when he was losing it.

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RESPONSIBILITIES OF COMPANY DIRECTORS

IT is the duty of a director of any corporation to ascertain the unit costs of manufacturing the articles of that corporation. A director is considered a trustee for the shareholders. If financial disaster overtakes a corporation, the shareholders have a perfect right to demand an accounting of the directors. It is not generally known, but, under such conditions, a director can be sued by a shareholder for personal damages. I quote from a decision in the courts of the State of Pennsylvania, where, in a suit brought by a stockholder, a director was made financially responsible. The company had been doing a good business, but got into hot competition, and fixed prices that were not based upon accurate cost-finding. To quote the court's decision:

"The method of accounting was entirely wrong. It was the duty of the directors to inform themselves as to the actual condition of the company before declaring dividends."

Whether or not a dividend can be declared, and how much dividend can be declared, is absolutely impossible for any director to decide until he has analyzed an accurate cost-finding report based upon a sound cost-finding system. Labor suspects this condition in American industry. Labor suspects—and with good reason—that most manufacturers do not accurately know their unit costs. Labor demands more wages, and is told: "We cannot afford it." More often than not the manufacturer who tells labor that, is entirely sincere. He believes it. The point is that the manufacturer does not know whether or not he can afford a wage increase. He cannot know, unless he has an accurate cost-finding system. Again we face the condition that not one per cent of the manufacturers of America have such systems that are absolutely accurate.

LABOR WAKING UP

THE day will come when labor will demand that a manufacturer ascertain exactly what it is costing him to make his product. Labor will demand that for an increase in wages. If the manufacturer is not getting enough for his

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product, labor will ask that he raise the prices, and so allow for an increase in their wages, to meet the increased cost of living. If labor finds that the manufacturer is getting enough for his product to afford the increase in wages, labor will insist upon that increase, without further ado. How is the manufacturer going to handle this situation of labor unless he knows just what his production costs are?

The farsighted manufacturer is anticipating such a situation and is installing cost-finding systems, so that he can talk to the representatives of labor with his feet firmly on the ground. The other kind of manufacturer is desperate; he is making a lot of noise. He is crying about everything, and is floundering around in the dark, when, by undergoing a relatively slight expense, by having skilled accountants come into his plant, and find out his costs, he could be equipped with the information that will enable him to handle intelligently the labor situation.

Into manufacturing go three elements, raw material, labor, and "overhead." He must definitely know what these are, in order to arrive at a selling price that will take care of his administrative expense, meet mortgage indebtedness, and pay dividends to his shareholders, as well as taking care of depreciation, repairs to and obsolescence of his machinery. Knowing these things, he then knows where to increase, and where to decrease, if he must, to meet the labor increase, and at the same time maintain his same selling price. Or, if deductions in raw material or "overhead" are impossible, he knows exactly to what extent he must increase his selling price in order to meet the increase in labor. Just as the outcome of a battle in war depends upon the amount of information of the enemy obtained, so does a battle in business depend upon the amount of information in the hands of the manufacturer. With a cost-finding system, he has that information; without it, he is powerless.

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THE COURTIN'

He stood a spell on one foot fust
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.—LOWELL.

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"PROHIBITION-ANDERSON" ANSWERS

Pertinent Questions on the Battle Against Alcohol

An interview with

WILLIAM H. ANDERSON

[STATE OF NEW YORK SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE]

Because twenty years ago William Hamilton Anderson believed he had a divine call to make America dry, America is, today, dry. Anderson did it. The liquor interests say so, and the liquor interests ought to know. "That roughneck Anderson," they rave; for Anderson fought them in a slam-bang, two-fisted way; "fought Satan" as he says "with his own fire."

Anderson is State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League. So spectacularly has he battled with the "Wets" that his name is in danger of becoming as well-known as Hoover's—and as popular. For William H. Anderson is one of an organization which has just been formed to make the whole world Dry! American money, American "observers," American methods are to be introduced into Continental Europe, the British Isles, Asia—wherever alcohol is drunk. Anderson thinks only of the cause—to sober up the world. Raised in the Methodist Church, a teetotaling son of a teetotaler family, winner, when a child, of a Women's Christian Temperance Union prize for an essay upon John Barleycorn, Anderson was well schooled in Puritanism. Today, six feet tall, black haired, fair complexioned, he is big chested and forty-five. His eyes are brown and his mouth is small. What men want does not interest him. Men are weak, "heirs to the ills which befall the human flesh." Anderson is, however, decidedly interested in what he judges good for men, which includes Prohibition. So would he force upon men that which is good for them—like the early zealots forced the Christian creed upon benighted pagans. Only not with the sword, for he who draws the sword perishes by the sword—and Anderson is sincerely devout. Rather he forces things by—but let him tell you how in his own words.

TO the following questions, propounded to him by THE FORUM, William H. Anderson made these answers:

Why did you take up the fight for Prohibition?

For the same reason that a man goes into the gospel ministry. I felt a direct and imperative call to undertake this special branch of lay-ministry.

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Was there any personal thing, any tragedy that drink brought home to you personally that made you do it?

Nothing that I can think of—it has not struck my family in any way. I have simply had the same experience that the average citizen has had, who keeps his eyes open and sees his friends stricken.

Did you ever study to be a minister?

I have had a good many friends who, for many years, insisted that I ought to go into the ministry. I was fairly active in religious work, Sunday-school and Epworth League, but had no call to the ministry in the way in which that term is usually employed.

Is it true that you had a call to fight for Prohibition—a call from God?

I never had a call to Prohibition work until I heard of the Anti-Saloon League, in 1891. The impression it made on my mind was, "That thing will kill the liquor traffic." Some months after I heard of the A. S. L., there came to me suddenly, without any connection with anything except the possible sub-conscious impressions, a definite hunch, as clear-cut as though somebody had uttered the words in my ear, "Some day that will be *your* work!" A number of months after I was asked to become attorney for the A. S. L. of Illinois which I have just recently visited. The proposition did not appeal to me, and I dismissed it. In the fall of 1899, the proposition was repeated without any suggestion or solicitation on my part, and that resulted in investigations and negotiations leading to my beginning work, Jan. 1st, 1900.

LIQUOR TRAFFIC A FOE TO SPIRITUALITY

Why did the Protestant churches support Prohibition?

The churches took up the Prohibition fight because they considered that the liquor traffic was an irreconcilable enemy of spirituality. They saw that drunkenness, which is merely the advanced stage of moderate drinking, was incompatible with spiritual life. They were also actuated by utterances of women and children.

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Did the church think that light wine and beer affected a man's religion.

They considered: First, that it is wrong for a man to drink alcoholic liquor as a beverage because he thereby defiles his body as a temple of the Holy Spirit. They considered it wrong for a man to sell liquor, and thus make a profit out of the weaknesses of his fellow men. It has been with the churches very largely a moral issue.

Or did drink reduce the revenues of the churches?

No—neither the loss of church revenue nor the economic waste was a prominent factor so far as the churches are concerned. While the economic element has, of late years, been a large factor, it was the churches operating upon a moral basis which forced the issue upon the attention of the public, until a host of men not particularly interested in the moral consideration began to investigate the question on a purely selfish basis.

Why did the Catholic Church oppose Prohibition?

The Catholic Church, as a church, does not oppose Prohibition. It is neither fair nor truthful to say that the Catholic Church of America is against Prohibition. The Council of Baltimore in 1884 most strongly decried the evils of liquor drinking, and all liquor selling, and the logic of the utterances of this Council which is representative of American Catholicity, if anything can be, lead irresistibly to Prohibition, and many prominent clergymen and laymen of the Catholic Church are strongly in favor of Prohibition. Many Catholic priests have risked even their lives in behalf of it, and there is a large and growing element that sincerely deplores the utterances of prominent Catholics that seem to commit the Church to the liquor traffic.

COERCION OF POLITICAL CANDIDATES

Is it true, as has been charged, that you or the Anti-Saloon League coerced candidates for political office?

Depending entirely upon the meaning of words, the answer would be both Yes and No. The proposition that the few workers connected with the A. S. L. have coerced legis-

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lative bodies is most absurd rot. The proposition that a majority of the citizenship operating through the Anti-Saloon League, have insisted that legislative bodies be responsive to majority sentiment, is absolutely true. The liquor traffic, in years past, like the Central Powers, in the recent war, had a compact organization and inside lines of communication and funds, and the moral element was scattered. The Anti-Saloon League has simply taken the liquor methods and deodorized and disinfected them and turned them back on the liquor traffic.

Is it true that you or the Anti-Saloon League caused a man running for office to be notified that if he did not consent to vote for Prohibition if it came up in the legislatures, that, at the polls, he would be discriminated against by church interests?

No, we never put it in any such crude and tactless form. We said, "This is a Democracy. The people have a right to know where their representatives stand on important questions. The Anti-Saloon League is an agency for turning on the light. We are not responsible for what the light discloses. If a man's district is in favor of the liquor traffic, the more the Anti-Saloon League advertises the fact that he acted in favor of the liquor traffic, the more that will help the man who really represented liquor constituents. On the other hand, if the man was lying about it, and his district was really for Prohibition, and he stood with the liquor traffic, he has no right to complain that the League gives the people the facts." The Anti-Saloon League goes to the peoples of the various districts and says, in effect, "Here is the record of your man. He voted this way; did he represent you? If he did, he is a good man, send him back. If he did not, then you had better get somebody that will."

Were candidates for office told, that you or your associates would not require that they include Prohibition in their platform but that it was to be secretly understood that they were in favor of it?

The Anti-Saloon League has sought to avoid making a party or platform issue of Prohibition. It has dealt with

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individual candidates. It has said to the candidates, in substance, at times: "We believe the wide-open proposition is the best thing for any candidate. We are unable to render any very effective assistance to a man who does not permit us to tell the people where he stands. The liquor men always know where a man stands, and, in our judgment, it is the part of wisdom for him to let the moral forces know. However, if he disagrees with us, and refuses to make a statement for publication, we respect his confidence, and do not publish his statement, but of course, we are precluded in the very nature of the case from making any active compaign in his behalf, because we cannot wage successful campaigns on any other but an open basis."

HOW THE "DRYS" CONDUCTED LOBBYING

Did you or the Anti-Saloon League ever conduct a lobby? And on what grounds do you excuse the influencing of the minds of the representatives of the people?

Now, that depends entirely upon the definition of the term "lobby." In the ordinary sense in which that term is generally understood, the answer would be, emphatically, no! But the League is efficient and practical, and it has kept representatives at the State Capitols when legislations were in session for the purpose of learning immediately, at the earliest moment, what the decision was, in order to meet it, and for the purpose of answering questions that are raised by honest but doubtful legislators. As a rule, it can be said that the League representatives during legislations do not ask members even for votes. The League really ignores the individual member, and deals with his constituents.

The main purpose of maintaining an office and representatives at the seat of legislative sessions is to get information that is of interest to the people back home. It is further for the purpose of warning the people back home of any efforts that the liquor interests are making to intimidate the legislator so that they can offset and meet any efforts made by the liquor interests in order that the well-meaning legislator may feel that he is not going to be sacri-

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ficed in case he stands for the moral issue. It is all very fine to ask the legislator to be heroic and risk his political future without any assurance on the other side. It is likewise very foolish. It is the business of the moral element to make it safe and good politics for a man to be decent in public life, and we hold as a fundamental proposition of good faith that whenever any man exposes himself to the vindictive antagonism, such as the liquor traffic, in order to stand for a righteous measure, it is the duty of those who ask him to stand for that measure, to rally to his support, at least to the extent of saving him from the opposition incurred on their behalf.

Have you or your associates any right to interfere with personal liberty? On what grounds do you excuse this interference?

Personal liberty ends where public injury begins. There is a higher personal liberty, and that is civil liberty. The liquor traffic exists under a license. It has no inherent rights.

Is Prohibition the will of the people of the United States?

Undoubtedly, as shown by the fact that more than two-thirds of the States, more than 6 9-10 of the area and more than 60% of the population of the country have adopted Prohibition, by every State or local community entirely independent of National Prohibition.

Would you be willing to put Prohibition to a referendum of all the people, tomorrow?

If there could be a referendum in the community to be affected, absolutely yes. That is to say, if there could be a referendum vote in the United States as a whole. Here in New York the very folks who have been shrieking for a referendum on National Prohibition which would have no binding force have for twenty years resisted the efforts of the League to get a binding referendum in this State which would be operative if the people voted for Prohibition.

If light wines and beer are injurious to human beings, why does a modern army, an institution more careful of

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the health of its men than any institution in the world, permit the drinking of light wines and beer?

It does not. There were dry zones all around all the American training camps and drinking was not permitted in the American Army.

Did not an official order of the American Expeditionary Forces authorize the drinking of light wines and beers by any soldier or officer of that army?

It was not issued by the Government. It was not permitted in the American Army and there were dry zones around the training camps. The order of our Commander-in-Chief stands out stronger than the efforts he made in behalf of the moral welfare of his men.

SOLDIERS ALLOWED TO DRINK

If these drinks unsteady the brain, the nerves, the eye as has been charged, why is it that soldiers, of whom it is demanded that they shoot straight, are allowed to drink not only in European armies but in the American Expeditionary Force as well?

I have not seen any official orders permitting the use of alcoholic liquor and I do not concede anything on that point.

If, as has been charged, drink makes men immoral, why is it that in the American Expeditionary Forces there was the lowest percentage of sexual disease in the history of warfare?

I do know direct from many officers that everything that could be done was done to prevent the drinking of alcoholic liquor and that drunkenness was severely punished, and that the men were warned that drunkenness was likely to lead to immorality, and that contraction of immoral diseases would be punished without mercy. It is known by every intelligent man that knows anything, that the greatest feeder to sexual diseases is the use of alcoholic liquor and the reason why the American Army was freer from social diseases than other armies is because, while the millennium was not achieved, the American Army used less alcoholic liquor in proportion than other armies.

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What about the deprivation of light wines and beer and its effect upon our labor classes?

That is a piece of German brewery propaganda. Unfortunately, the brewery workers and so-called Allied trades have controlled the utterances of the leaders of labor, as the tail has wagged the dog. The tobacco interests have made common cause with the breweries, and the president of the American Federation of Labor has his card in the Cigar Makers Union. The recent vote in the Federation of Labor extended the claim that Labor is solidly against Prohibition. We know the strong-arm methods that have been employed in behalf of Anti-Prohibition. We know that a large proportion of union men do not attend the meetings to vote. Labor leaders in dry States who voted the adoption of Prohibition are now on record with equal vigor against the bringing back of the liquor traffic.

What about the foreign element of our population whose social congregations are generally around a glass of beer or a glass of wine? Deprived of it, are these people going to be content?

The most of them will adopt this just as readily as Americans do. A large proportion of them, including many Germans, before the war, had come to realize, as shown by the statements of German professors and physicians and the discoveries of German scientists, who really led the world in the unanswerables, that the deleterious effects of alcohol have been proven conclusively. Even these Germans, many of them, had come to realize that the American saloon and the American stand-up bar and the American treating habit were infinitely worse. The Anti-Saloon League is admitted into many German churches for the presentation of its work and solicitation of contributions.

WHAT THE LABORING MAN WILL DO

What is going to be the effect of Prohibition upon our millions of laboring men accustomed to their can of beer during the noon hour?

They will drink milk or something else like the laboring

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men do in the Dry States. They will make more money and save a large proportion of what they do make.

As has been charged, is Prohibition going to aid the forces of unrest and the cause of Bolshevism in America?

No, the effect will be absolutely contrary. Wherever there is a great disastrous disturbance in this country, they close the saloons. Following the San Francisco disaster, they closed the saloons, and were Dry for a long time. Further, the Russian rebellion did not become bloody until they took off the ban against liquor.

Prohibition is taking something away from millions of people. What are you going to give them in its stead?

It is really not taking anything away from them because alcoholic liquor is harmful. We are not going into the saloon substitute business for we are not a commercial concern. The demand for saloon substitutes is more imaginary than real. The substitute question largely takes care of itself, and can safely be left to public action in the way of furnishing comfort stations, and to provide enterprises in the way of furnishing soft drinks, coffee-houses and meeting-places which are not tainted with a charity atmosphere. There will incidentally be more interest in religion.

Do you think that the American people are going to take Prohibition in good grace? On what do you base that opinion?

The Anti-Saloon League of Ohio, a number of years ago, took a census of a number of places about the same size about half of which had been dry, and about half of which had saloons. The church membership in the dry States was about double that in the wet States. In addition, a lot of men will find stimulus and recreation both in watching their savings accounts grow and in investing their money in the purchase of unimproved lots, and building homes and putting in gardens, etc. Yes, the fact that most of them already have taken Prohibition in good grace is significant. Aside from New York City and a few other large cities these are about the only places that are making any fuss about it, and of these New York is the worst, due to the fact that most of

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the New York papers have not told the people the truth about Prohibition in the past. New York, however, as soon as the thing goes into effect, and it finds that the result is beneficial, will be just as quick to adjust itself as any other place. We have a sample of what will happen in New York in the case of Seattle, which voted Wet as a city the first time, but was voted Dry by the State. After ten months' test of Prohibition a second vote came on, and after that test Seattle, as a city, voted Dry.

MEETING THE COST OF PROHIBITION

Have you any provision to take up the tremendous loss of revenue that Prohibition will cause?

The Anti-Saloon League for many years has had a cash reward standing for proof, not assertion, of any case where Prohibition for a period of years has led to an increased tax.

Do you think with social unrest abroad in the United States, with heavy war taxation, that this is the time to instal new taxes to pay the bill for Prohibition?

The liquor administration has been everywhere an extravagant administration. It has been their deliberate and wilful policy to get communities involved to the limit of their indebtedness, so that the question could be raised that they had to have the license money then and there. Revenue question will be met both ways and from both directions. It will be met by a more honest and more economic administration which will be in part by the increase in the taxable properties; that is, lands that were formely assessed on the acreage basis, before they were improved, will have houses on them. The home owner will have to pay interest on his mortgage, but he will also have to pay interest on his house and in a short time this increase will largely make up the difference. Further, the elimination of the liquor traffic will drive a large proportion of the grafters out of politics, and there will be less proportion of tax-dodgers. There will be a more equitable assessment of more people, under this administration, who will be called upon to bear their share of the burden.

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With every city crying about the unemployment problem, do you think that this is the time to throw more people out of work by Prohibition?

The liquor traffic employs only about one-quarter as many men in proportion of capital as the average honest industries, and the stopping of the waste now involved in the liquor traffic will stimulate the demand for other things at a comparatively early date, to take up the slack, and before long the employment vane will be rapidly going the other way.

PERSONAL LIBERTY A MYTH

Do you believe that Prohibition is an expression of intolerance?

No, I have found as a practical matter that the most intolerant man on earth is the Anti-Prohibitionist. The Prohibitionist does not try to confiscate property, as is charged, etc. He merely says to the other man, " You shall not use your property so as to hurt yourself or your fellow men. We are not discussing the immorality of taking a drink. We insist that the public shall not be compelled to tolerate a nuisance in order that you may get your drink. We have always been ready to abide by majority rule. We have taken our medicine all these years as sports because you claimed, and seemed, to have the majority. Now, then, we insist that you do the same thing. The people have decided to try this experiment. If it does not work out for the benefit of the people, after a fair test, we will help you change it. But you do not come into court with clean hands until you have stood for the enforcement of the law and a fair test."

Are you in sympathy with laws created to put people in jail if they oppose some act which they judge to be a violation of their personal liberty?

A man has no personal liberty to sell rotten meat. He has no personal liberty to run his automobile on the left side of Fifth Avenue. He has no personal liberty to shoot off a revolver in a New York square. There is no such thing as personal liberty unless a man is the sole inhabitant of a

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wilderness. Every man gives up what he calls his personal liberty in return for the benefits he derives from society.

Which of the two doctrines has caused the most happiness in the world, the "I am my brother's keeper" idea, with its roots in intolerance, or the doctrine of "Live and let live"?

The Golden Rule, The Sermon on the Mount, have furnished the basis for what civilization we have. If it were not for the law of love basis, The Sermon on the Mount, which the churches, working with frail humanity, are doing their best to exemplify, the personal liberty exponent would be in danger of his life every minute, and have no haven from which he could, with safety, promulgate his views.

Did Christ drink light wine? What would Christ say about Prohibition were he alive today?

Christ said, "Woe unto the world because of offences: for it must needs be that offences come: but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh," and in my judgment, the Christ who drove the money-changers out of the temple, would be moved with equal indignation against the liquor traffic. One of the gravest offenses that the liquor traffic is committing is to try to load responsibility for its sins upon Christ. Truth is eternal, but man's conception of truth changes as he grows.

David was called "a man after God's heart," but he would be locked up and kept in jail for doing some of the things he got away with in his time. Christ had to deal with civilization as it was, and with men as he found them. He unquestionably expects increasingly more of men as the true meaning of his law of love is comprehended. I am dealing with the practical end of it, and not splitting hairs over translations of ancient Greek, concerning Christ's drinking of light wine.

Of course, the spirit of the Amendment which gave the negro the vote was never obeyed in the Southern States. Will the Prohibition Amendment be obeyed?

Undoubtedly, the two are not on all fours. Prohibition is a general question, and the other is sectional. Prohibition

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is not partisan, and the other was. Prohibition is regarded as a distinct moral question, apart from its political amplifications, and there is already sufficient organization of the moral forces to make certain other nullification which will not be tolerated.

A resolution was introduced into the New York Senate to investigate your activities as a lobbyist. What have you to say about that?

That was a piece of "bunk" and an effort to get some notoriety likewise perhaps somewhat colored by the hope that I might be scared off. I have never done anything that I am ashamed of, neither has the Anti-Saloon League under my direction. Our books tell the whole story of our transactions and can be found by anybody who has authority to investigate them. I have lived all my life, until I entered into this work, in one little county seat town. I have been looked up many times by the liquor interests. I am a total abstainer, and no drinkers are recruited from the ranks of total abstainers.

Is it moral to drink light wine and beer?

It is injurious to drink the liquors of lighter alcoholic contents. This is a case that has been proved conclusively in the laboratories.

Was George Washington immoral because he drank?

George Washington was a man who took a great deal of exercise and lived a great deal out-of-doors, but he had a physique that ought to have enabled him to live one hundred years. I do not pretend to say that liquor shortened his life, but I do know in the light of investigations that it did not lengthen it.

Was it concern over the health and morals of their workers that made many of the captains of American industry favor Prohibition?

That depends entirely on the man. I know both kinds. I have had some men say to me that it was a selfish proposition. I know other men who are unquestionably actuated by a desire to improve the condition of their men, and who were glad because increased efficiency made it possible for them to pay better wages.

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FINANCIAL BACKERS OF THE "DRYS"

Who financed the activities of the Anti-Saloon League?

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., recently made a public statement concerning the contributions made by himself and his father to the Anti-Saloon League. These contributions were large compared with those of a man of small means, but no larger in proportion. It has been stated that Mr. Rockefeller contributed fifteen or twenty million dollars to put Prohibition over in New York State. Mr. Rockefeller's statement was to the effect that he and his father together had contributed something over $300,000, covering about twenty years, for all branches of the Anti-Saloon League work, concerning both State and Nation, and, as far as New York State is concerned, I know his statement to be absolutely accurate. The Anti-Saloon League has not been financed by wealthy men. It has been financed by a lot of people in moderate circumstances. In New York State, last year, the total receipts in cash for the year ending April 30th were $260,000, in round figures. Fifty thousand of that the people contributed in sums ranging from one to a hundred dollars. Most of the amounts were $4, $6, $12, they for the year being the most popular sums.

Do you consider the fight over Prohibition at an end?

It has just begun. It is necessary to stand by and see that the law is enforced and to protect public officials who want to do their duty. It is necessary to rapidly meet the attempt that will be made some day to invalidate the new amendment. It is necessary to carry this proposition to the whole world. Just as the liquor traffic would not permit local option and permitted State option and, just as in its lawlessness, it did not allow State Prohibition and forced the people to National Prohibition, so these same brewers with their plans of setting up in Mexico, China, Japan, South America and elsewhere will compel America as a matter of self-defence to help the whole world to get rid of the traffic, in order to clinch National Prohibition and also to exemplify the law of love in Christian civilization.

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Have you made any plans to force Prohibition upon the world?

The World League Against Alcohol has already been formed. I have been appointed a member of the Executive Committee. It is not the intention to go into any foreign country to tell the people there what to do, but to furnish funds to enable their own work to get on its feet and to enable its agencies to print and circulate literature, and to send men from here who will give testimony as to the effect of Prohibition in America. As soon as National Prohibition is a demonstrated success in America, the rest of the world will have to come to it as an economic measure.

Have you thought that the officials of the United States Government might not sanction your undertaking any such international propaganda, meddling that way in the domestic affairs of other nations?

We intend to see that there are such officials in charge of the Government of the United States that such sanction will be certain.

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THE CURSE ON THE MOVING-PICTURE ACTRESS

Describing the Conflict in Her Artistic Experiences of the Moving-Picture Art.

By THEDA BARA

Second and concluding article of this celebrated Moving-Picture Star, describing her descent into the Avernus of Vampiredom.

II

IN the previous article I tried to tell how Fame can distort the ordinary girlhood. In this article I shall endeavor to tell by what sincerity of artistic impulse one becomes famous.

In the dim lights of luxurious private studios, where midnight is the hour of soulful confession, there is a curse put upon the movie actress. To men who sigh to music and to the long-limbed women who people these ghostlands of cerebral culture she is another cursed product of the commercialism they despise. Upon her baby curls or her temperamental shoulders they have thrown the ashes of their pity, the cinders of their own artistic fires. Therefore, it is with the utmost humility of mind that I approach these confessions of my own experience in the contemptuous trade of screen-emotion.

During my first experiences as an actress of open-air emotion, I had to reorganize my ideas of art. My first picture, " A Fool There Was," was made in Florida. The emotions of the movie actress are usually enslaved by climate. The physical discomfort under which they thrive is a secondary consideration. The climate must be accurate. The camera is a brutal monster which drives her to extremes. She may pass hours at a time in a damp cave, or she may be fighting for her chastity in a blizzard in Alaska, or she may have to roll into the dirty gutter of a side street. The scenes

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through which she passes are either masterpieces of outdoor landscape, or they are staged amid the sordid filth of humanity.

At first, the effect of all this upon a young woman of ordinary refinement is a dangerous experiment in psychology. The required abandon of the work does not tend to improve delicacy of feeling. The impacts of one's emotions with the winds and tides, the rags and dirt, are no solace to artistic tradition.

I found, in my first encounter with open-air emotion, that very little is expected of the actress so far as her own initiative is concerned. Later on I changed this tradition. At first, it was brought home to me very vividly that by custom of the motion-picture trade, the director was the master-mind of all acting in a movie. If an actress, through some careless neglect of this tradition, used her own imagination in the conception of a character, she was reminded that in the movies there was a scenario which did all that for her. She could be an actress if she wished, but it was better to be a good "close-up." A rolling eye and an undraped figure were all the public expected of a vampire in the movies. If the scenario called for "horror" (considered a valuable bit of film, by the way,) the emotion must be a repelling photograph. The actress must be really horrified, startled out of her wits, to get such a photograph. So the skillful director arranges that, without warning, a pistol is fired in her ear at the click of the camera registering "horror." The result of the sudden fright upon the face of a human being is tolerably certain. It is a real photograph of "horror," and it is a sudden shock to the nervous system that leaves one trembling and weak. I was once placed in front of a man who was firing a loaded rifle at a mirror over my head. I protested to the management that my life was in danger. I was told that this emergency has been provided for. The man with the rifle was a sharpshooter, so why worry? But, I said, supposing he sneezed?

Sharpshooters were never known to sneeze in action, I was told.

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A VAMPIRE OF FICTION—NOT FACT

I WAS trade-marked as a vampire. Being a woman in the profession of acting, I played my part. Being a woman who respects her art, who really believes that acting is the highest form of feminine expression, I did not confuse my own identity with the parts I played. It was not my personality that I used, it was the personality of the woman I was interpreting. An actress should be a plastic human being, a woman who surrenders herself to her imagination, without moral analysis. Such intensity of wickedness as I projected in "A Fool There Was" may be Kiplingesque, but it is not true to the life of any woman known to me, or to you. I have been a vampire of fiction, not fact. My first picture was a success that surprised everyone. I myself was not quite convinced, when it was over, that I could ever do it again. And yet, there was a secret triumph in it. I received so many letters of congratulations from exhibitors, so many unsolicited telegrams of encouragement, that I began to feel the lure of a fame I had previously despised. I looked the future squarely in the face. Being a feminist, convinced that a woman's private life should be economically sound before she should indulge in her own romantic impulses, I saw a public that would support me. There was no forced advertising to introduce Theda Bara to the movies, no great promises or elaborate predictions were sent out. My salary was comparatively small, my reputation nil. The public made me with the very first picture I appeared in.

Since this is not a press-agent's brief, but a journal of real emotions, I record the fact that the atmosphere of the movie-drama repelled me. The work itself was a constant jarring of sensibilities that would not down. It was, perhaps, a mature reflection that my years did not warrant, but I realized from the first that I might meet only one or two human beings in life I should really like. The rest, like ships that pass in the night, mysterious forms, or the crowds that roll on through streets and streets, huge waves of a human stream. I have worn mental blinders so long that I am sure I should shy without them. Few will believe this who do not

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know me. That is because, in many of my vampire rôles, I have seemed to be daring, recklessly sensuous, defiantly indiscreet. Still, the emotions have been sincere in their artistic abandon, though I have not always agreed with much that I did in them.

MOVIE STUDIO A CHAMBER OF TORTURE

SO many things happen, in the crude mechanics of this vast industry in which I am a link, that violate the instincts of good taste—why think about them? It is possible one has been asked to curtsey to an English duke, for instance, because the etiquette of movie-drama insisted it was always done in English houses. What's a duke or two to a movie studio? They throw them around like deuces. For that matter, what is any movie-studio but a chamber of torture to the girl whose imagination is tainted with the flavor of artistic ideals? I am one of those women who like a great poem better than a poor one; Browning is more comforting to me than the philosophy of George M. Cohan. Broadway is too close to the movie-studio. I don't believe that the honest heart is improved by the ragged shirt, that there is more emotion in cheap melodrama than there is in the art of Owen Meredith, or Byron, or Omar Khayyam. Not that it makes much difference what I thought when my career began.

With the success of "A Fool There Was" I renounced all former expectations of the art of acting. I cut my soul in two. One-half I kept for myself, the other half I gave to the movies. I still have the better half. Sometimes, it laps over into the work I have done, because it is the storehouse of my private faith—I have always had eyes on my heart as well as eyes on the screen. Perhaps you will realize this as we exchange our ideas of a movie actress, yours and mine. I believe she can be an artist—you may not agree with me. Let's see if we can agree.

Although I knew what my personal success had been to the public, I did not lose my head. Vampires should never do so, but I was young enough to let conceit run away with me. It never has, it never will, because I am convinced that

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an artist lives by the inspiration of the work, not by inspiration of fame. If I could take the place among those artists I admire, if one of them privately says to me, I have done well, I need no other reward. So, when I found myself cast, in my second picture, in support of an artist, I felt only an ambition to do as well as she did. There were indications when the picture was released that I had done well. Exhibitors wrote me that my name had been the drawing feature. It is a name, therefore, that stands for some emotional value in a world where romance is a food that all hearts crave. It is a name associated with other sentiments than those of the movie-studio. This was brought home to me one day early in my career of a movie-star, when a man's voice I didn't know, called me on the telephone. I heard him say:

"Theda Bara, a bar of pure music," and then he rang off. That was all. I never heard from him again. I never knew who he was. I stored the message away on the mystic side of my soul.

SUCCESS DUE TO EMOTIONAL STRENGTH

I ADMIT that I have consulted a clairvoyant in every crisis of my career. My contracts, my plays, my private ambitions, my daily companions, have all been decided for me by consultation with this extraordinary woman. She foresees the future for me, has foreseen it faithfully and correctly. Physically, I have always been more frail than I wish to be. That, perhaps, explains my belief in mysticism. I have found it to be a religion, which is what we believe to be our best thoughts, our best impulses, our best hopes for the future. In the movies, spirituality is not recognized as such, therefore, my success in them possibly depends on a different kind of strength—in my case, upon intense nervous force.

I recall an incident when I was required to throw a man, six feet tall, over a cliff thirty or forty feet below. I had to struggle with him and finally throw him over by main force. I was frightened. I told my director that he might be hurt and I should feel responsible. When the scene came I forgot everything but the crisis of my rage and struggled with him.

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He said to me afterward that I was as strong as a man, that my arms were like steel about him. And yet, I had asked him to be careful not to hurt me. I have the strength of a Charlatan, the force that lies in the imagination of women who do not use it. It is the strength that comes with emotional abandon, without actual force. In this statement I perceive a fact that is peculiarly personal. The fact that in none of my vampire rôles have I ever consciously shared their sensuous impressions. If their success has been because of their typical sincerity, it has been due to an emotional strength in me, but not of me; an impersonal conception of what the Vampire-woman is.

It may be that in every woman there is *Carmen* and *Cleopatra, Juliet* and *Salome*. In me they are frankly predestined. How these expectations came true, I don't know. They are far more interesting in anticipation. The thing I had most earnestly desired has always come to me, stripped of the wonder it looked like from afar. I remember passing a theatre where my name was ablaze in electric lights. A friend with me said, "Aren't you proud?" But I wasn't. If the incident had happened five years sooner, it would have been wonderful to me, but I was always ahead of my experiences.

Any good points about me were always emphasized by my own imagination of beauty. Secretly, I exercise my body in ways that would improve its alluring qualities. Not with a view to its sensuous value (though a woman's beauty is a thing of flesh), but because I was physically more frail than I wished to be.

Today, I do not consider that I look like a vampire-woman. I told my manager so recently. I pointed out to him that he could just as easily achieve that sort of appeal with any woman-of-curves-and-substance, as he could with me.

So, in the early awakenings of my destiny, I did not anticipate the distinction of being a celebrated vampire-woman.

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WHAT A MOVIE-ACTRESS IS

THESE are true things about me that I have never told, because the moving-picture art is chiefly an art of lies. There is something in the click of the camera as it registers the emotions, foot by foot, that demoralizes artistic expression. One becomes a species of human mechanism, speeding up all the deep sources of feeling, chopping them in bits to fit the inexorable ribbon of reel. It is an art of lies, because it is limited to primitive impulses, to barren emotions; because it is a record of the feverish pulse of life, instead of the normal pulse. Everything must be told quickly, briefly, without a fair chance to develop artistic wants.

These are confessions of intimate disappointment in the work, that I have never overcome. It is no one's fault. It is because the movie-actress is a bit of machine-made, not hand-made, art.

You see, we already agree on what a movie-actress is, but, there is much more in the work that one can try to do. One can study the make-up of the character, minutely, one can paint the heart as well as the eyes till they interpret the words of the drama that cannot be heard.

I have always prepared myself for a new character on the screen by going deeply into its emotional needs, by creating the part for myself in a broad way, regardless of the scenario. Scenarios are traps in which the movie-actress, who is striving to express herself artistically, is constantly entangled. They seem to be devised solely to show how badly an artistic theme can be put together. Magnificent tragedies, such as "La Gioconda," when transposed to the movies become painfully inartistic attempts. Under another name, no one would recognize their source. The scenario is usually my natural enemy, something I strive to overcome with artistic enthusiasm. Directors, even, have conspired with me to do this, against their better judgment, perhaps, but very much to my advantage as an actress.

I remember being costumed for the character of *Carmen* in the conventional splendor of a prima-donna. I looked well enough, and, as I appeared for the scene, there were

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complimentary expressions of approval by the rest of the company, but I was not happy in the clothes. I knew that *Carmen* herself would have resented them. They were the traditional prettiness of the operatic heroine, dressed for grand opera. I hated them. I went back to my dressing-room and got hold of an old piece of rose-velvet brocade that had been used for upholstery. I ravelled up the surface with a nail file till it looked worn, shabby, a bit of frazzled finery. This I made quickly into a skirt. I found an old, sleeveless muslin waist. Added to the entire effect, I wore some glass beads, ear-rings, a Spanish comb, and then I coarsened my features in make-up to give to the face that defiant challenge of *Carmen,* the factory girl. That was the kind of girl I had become, inwardly, and I succeeded in looking like her outwardly.

REALISM THAT IS INSPIRATIONAL

IN the fight scene with one of the factory girls they selected a robust, thick-ankled, solid sort of woman from the tenement districts, a real type, picked to make a real fight with me. I took a violent personal dislike to her, as I watched her for days before the scene was played. She was told to kill me, if necessary, and I was warned to actually defend myself. Realism in the movies is so essential that one loses one's temper over it, sometimes. I did so on this occasion. It was a real fight. We pulled hair, we scratched, we wrestled, we tumbled over and under one another in the best artistic movie form. When it was over, I was covered with bruises, but, the other girl had fainted, not I.

Experiences of this sort are common in the greed for artistic atmosphere, that the art of the moving picture alone treasures most. I have been through much bodily affliction in the cause of this strange art, and yet, crude as these methods seem to the artists themselves, they tend to inspire a more vivid conception of character. I have often felt, during one of these realistic effects, that, after all, these heroines of the movies, whether queens or courtesans, must be portrayals of flesh and blood, more vital than the mere theatrical

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symbols of them on the stage. There is no symbolism in the movies. The artist must rise above the stage tricks of comfortable illusion, they must actually endure the experiences which in the theatre are those of imaginative force. During the actual performance of a moving-picture drama there is no audience to applaud. The sky above them is often real sky. There are no painted canvas walls to enclose their artistic effects. In the studio scenes, the glaring lights, far more exacting than the footlights of the calcium, must be overcome.

MY HORRID VAMPIRE REPUTATION

MY most interesting character, to my mind, has been *Cleopatra*. She was a woman of immortal pride. She, too, must be the victim of moving-picture demoralization, she, too, must be labeled vampire, on that account. I do not think she was, in spite of the opinion of movie fans. The vampire after all may be the return to earth of Venus, in one of her myriad disguises. In *Cleopatra* the disguise is not so modern. I have interpreted Venus in such modern disguises that have reminded me we are living in a practical age. When I have read about myself as a "celebrated vampire," the term has become as pungently commercial to my mind as omega oil. Today it has become a greater stench in my cinematograph nostrils. It was in *Cleopatra* that, under temperamental impulse, I thrashed a man so that he ran away. He was an Italian, playing the part of Mark Anthony's messenger. In the scene of *Cleopatra's* rage, I had to beat him. He ran away before I could kill him, and the director called him back. He rushed up, trembling, and said to the director, "just look at my back." There were cuts upon him, it was bleeding. I looked at it myself, in amazement. Probably the rings or jewels I was wearing had scratched his skin. I was not conscious of my own strength. Of course, it was not strength at all, it was the emotional expression of *Cleopatra's* rage. Historically, this was a celebrated picture, because of its infinite detail, if nothing else. I was told by one director that my walk in *Cleopatra* was one of immortal pride. Later, this director went with my brother to see the

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picture, and afterwards he told me that he had missed that walk of immortal pride. He asked me if it had been cut out of the film. It had not, but my brother told me that the reason he didn't see it was because he fell asleep during the picture. Such is the humbug of directors.

As *Juliet* I was again pursued with accusations of presenting a vampire-*Juliet*. I gave the character a great deal of study, and perhaps in that investigation discovered that *Juliet* lived in a period of passionate abandon. Italy, in the days of *Romeo* and *Juliet,* was no place for a Sunday-school girl. I did assume that *Juliet,* in spite of her youth, was a glowing beauty of that most romantic of Italian periods.

ACCUSED OF EMPHASIZING WICKEDNESS

AS *Salome* I tried to absorb the poetic impulse of Oscar Wilde. I tried to interpret the extraordinary, the hopeless moral disintegration of a woman's soul. The lines of Oscar Wilde's drama of "Salome," are vivid paintings of human demoralization. Of course, I was again accused of emphasizing wickedness on the screen.

In this relation, it occurs to me that although artists like Duse, Bernhardt, and other equally famous tragediennes, have given us characterizations in the theatre of complex women, they have not been accused of being vampires. Why is it not possible that, I, Theda Bara, may not have penetrated the artistic impressions of these great characters I have interpreted, with sincere artistic effort. As I said before, the word vampire has become a stench in my cinematograph nostrils.

I could go on confirming my plea for artistic sincerity in my work, indefinitely. It may not be particularly interesting to the reader to be told that I have played *Camille,* that I have played most of the great parts which great artists have made famous. They have sometimes had their identity beautifully camouflaged by the scenario writer under stupid titles. That, however, was not my fault. I have done my best with them under almost superhuman difficulties. Pos-

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sibly some day I shall play *Magda* without the glaring green lights of the moving-picture studio.

Commercially successful, after nearly ten years of hard work, of unusual artistic patience, my success financially has been turned against me by the intellectual arbiters of my destiny, those people I spoke of who adorn the midnight studios of New York. When I say that "Cleopatra," alone, made a million dollars, I establish a fact that is purely commercial. The salaries of moving-picture stars are reported to be enormous. For the first few years of my own work as a star, my salary increased at the rate of fifty dollars increase per picture. It was only later, well along in my career, that I received what I consider a fair equivalent for the commercial successes that have followed one another.

WHAT WE CALL DESTINY

I WISH to record the fact, however, that so far as my own work is concerned, the impulse and pleasure of it has been its artistic value. In spite of the humbug in this art of lies, called moving-pictures, I have discovered that it is a stepping-stone to my destiny, a destiny that has not been that of a vampire, but that of an actress who will some day emerge from silent drama.

What is the soul of a Charlatan?

It is mine, it is Duse's, it is Bernhardt's, it is Oscar Wilde's—it is the life of an artist. It is what we call destiny, something proclaimed by the influence of the stars. I believe in such things more than I should perhaps, but things have come true with me that surpass understanding, upon any other basis. I was born on a cusp, that is, in the language of horoscopes, between two predestined influences in astronomy, that of water and fire. The suggestion is obvious. Such humans are between Heaven and earth, they find balance in spiritual and material gravity.

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GOING ON YOUR WIFE'S VACATION

By LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE

SMITHKINS paused to watch me officiate as chauffeur to my lawn-mower. I hadn't seen him for some time, missed him going in on the morning train and took it for granted he was away on another business trip until I got a good look at him.

"Why didn't you send word?" I demanded, reproachfully, as I abandoned the lawn-mower and shook hands with him.

"Word about what?" inquired Smithkins.

"That you had been sick. What was it, belated flu, typhoid or a hard Summer cold? You look as if it had been all three," and I am sure he understood my sympathy, yet it pleased him to scowl fiercely at me.

"I haven't been sick," he growled.

In a moment I sensed that poor Smithkins was in a bad way. I rather like the chap, he lives in my suburb. Not that it is any more my suburb than his, but with the new taxes we all felt, individually, that it is ours by right of payment.

"Man!" I exclaimed, "don't be penny wise and pound foolish. What you need is a vacation!"

I thought Smithkins was going to strike me. He flared, there was suspicion in his eyes, he flushed, clenched his fists and then, as if to give me the benefit of the doubt, he said, "Do you happen to know, by any chance, where I have been?"

"Either sick in bed or on a long, tiresome and discouraging business trip. Cut 'em out in the Summer, don't allow yourself to get run down. Remember, that the thing

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to do is to take a good long vacation, not only for your own sake, but as a duty to your family—"

Smithkins turned and walked away. As he did so he brutally and in three well-worn words advised me to go to a certain mythological locality not at all a Summer resort.

AS GROUCHY AS A BEAR

"WHATEVER has come over poor old Smithkins?" I asked, at the dinner-table that evening.

"Old? He is not as old as you," I was informed.

"But he looks at least four hundred and sixty-five years older. He was as grouchy as a bear just now. That man is sick, anyone can see that. He needs a vacation."

"And I suppose you told him so?" asked friend wife, with that peculiar little "aren't-men-the-inferior-creatures" smile that every married man knows.

"Of course I told him so. Why not? It's the truth."

"He has just returned from a vacation," I was sweetly informed.

It was too much for my feeble intellect to grasp. Why should Smithkins be grouchy with me just because he had to conclude a happy and restful vacation? It was no fault of mine that it had to end, as all vacations must. I said as much.

"Perhaps," remarked my wife.

"Oh, I see. Then Mrs. Smithkins told you about it?"

"We-e-ell, in a way," admitted my wife. "That is, she said her husband had had just the happiest and most restful vacation of his life."

"He certainly is disguising that fact, if it be a fact, with magnificent success," was my only comment. My companion looked as if she could add more information, that is, she looked as if she were suffering, consequently I knew that she had some gossip that she was trying not to repeat. Brutally I allowed her to suffer by the ancient method of torture known as "Evincing no interest and asking no questions."

Some day Smithkins would tell me. I was sure of it.

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Meanwhile I would keep a sort of brotherly eye on him and, if he showed further signs of breakdown, would see that he went to a sanitarium. My brotherly eye was considerably surprised, a week later, to see Smithkins out at the links, almost his old self again. He was getting tanned and ruddy and the way he walloped the pill with the same mighty stroke wiped away all of my fears that he might suddenly and permanently depart from our midst.

"Hello there, Kid!" he shouted, meaning me. He once said that he called me "Kid" out of respect to my intellect. Poor Smithkins sometimes thinks he is funny.

I replied in my customary dignified manner by inviting him over to the shady side of the nineteenth hole. While there, discussing a Scotch manufacture of ball, he invited me to join him in a twosome.

"I've just finished a round in 91," he assured me.

"Then it would be taking an unfair advantage, since you must be practically exhausted," was my answer. But he wouldn't listen to it and soon we were making the course. He never suspected that I allowed him to defeat me solely to keep him in good temper. A sick man should always be cheerful. As we sat beneath a maple to fill our pipes, I remarked that he was looking better.

"Say," he said, "I'm afraid I was a trifle grouchy last week, didn't mean to be."

"Grouchy? You were barbaric, but I could see that you were a dying man and made allowances. You must have found a corking doctor, he is building you up wonderfully. Who is he?"

"Doctor!" snorted Smithkins, "doctor nothing, except good old Doctor Work and Play and Sleep."

"But you certainly look better. Last week you were about ready for an epitaph. What got you?"

"Vacation!" He spoke the word as though it were the most profane in his vocabulary.

"The fact is," he explained, "I am not strong enough for a vacation."

"If it's a joke, what do I say next?" I demanded.

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SMITHKINS UNBOSOMS HIMSELF

SMITHKINS settled back, regarded his ancient and blackened briar with true affection and proceeded to unbosom himself.

"It was like this, when it came vacation time I told Mrs. Smithkins that if she cared to select some sylvan dell, some lonely country place, either mountain or shore, where I could just idle about in sweater and khaki trousers and fish and day-dream, I would honor her with my company, otherwise she would have to do her vacationing alone."

"I begin to see," I exclaimed with sympathy, "your wife overdid it. Wives always do. She picked out the deadest hole in three hemispheres and you went stale and sick with ennui."

"You see nothing of the sort," snapped Smithkins. "Kindly allow me to amble through my harrowing tale in my own good way."

Of course Smithkins' way of telling anything isn't a good way at all, but I didn't argue with him.

"Mrs. Smithkins assured me that I was wise in demanding a quiet, restful spot and told me that we were going to a place called 'Deep Glen.' Believe me, that sounded good. I knew just what it would be, a little narrow valley between wooded mountains, a cold clear stream, perhaps a pond or two at the lower end. There would be aromatic breezes from the firs, trout in the stream and bass or pickerel in the ponds, and the dusty roadsides would be hedged with raspberries, blackberries and such fruits. Naturally I said 'Good girl' to Mrs. S. and proceeded to pack my suitcase. It didn't take me long. Aside from the gray tweed business suit that I was wearing my outfit consisted of two pairs khaki trousers, one pair hip rubber boots, three flannel shirts, one ancient but warm sweater, an old slouch hat, an assortment of pipes, plenty of tobacco, five fishing-rods, a book of flies, some reels, bait cans, landing nets and—Oh, you know, a man's regulation fishing junk. Say, but I was happy when we boarded the afternoon train. Mrs. Smithkins had along three trunks. At first I was going to be cross, but Good Lord, what's the

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use? If it gives a woman pleasure to wear a different dress every day for two weeks, even out in the wilds with only the farm folks and the live-stock to see, and the people who run the little hotel, what was that to me? Why deprive her of that enjoyment?"

"Why indeed, and furthermore, 'How'?" I murmured.

Smithkins gave me a grateful glance, and continued.

"Believe me I was like a kid when I hopped the train. It was away into the night when we got there, and climbed into an automobile and went out through country roads. Never saw it so dark, but as far as I could see the hotel was all right, rather large for such a place. And I was surprised to find a good bath with our room. But then, the country has been modernized, with gasoline engines to pump water and small generators to supply electric lights. I tumbled in for some sleep. Must have been terribly fagged, because I overslept. Mrs. Smithkins had gone down to breakfast. I jumped into my khaki trousers, sweater and rubber boots, took along my fish basket, net, rod and bait box and went down to the dining-room."

Smithkins paused, for a fleeting moment there came to his eyes the look of a hunted fawn. He shuddered, then took a brace.

EVERYONE DOLLED TO THE LIMIT

"THAT dining-room contained about seventy-five people, probably sixty women and fifteen men, and everyone was dolled to the limit. Say, the women were wearing morning gowns that cost as much as a second-hand car, and you know what they're bringing these days. The men were in blue serge coats and cream colored flannel trousers, silk shirts, and all the trimmings. I hadn't bothered to shave as I didn't think it necessary in a place called 'Deep Glen.' As I was looking about for Mrs. Smithkins the colored head-waiter came and told me that the tradespeople should go to the rear office. I told him where he should go, stalked in and sat down beside my wife. I don't think I ever before saw her with quite such a hurt, pained, startled, Heaven-help-us expres-

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"So this is a sylvan dell!"

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sion in her eyes. She stammered and said she thought I would at least wear decent clothes in the dining-room. I looked over the lot and told her that I could probably buy and sell the whole bunch and that my patent hip rubber boots cost more than all the male outfits combined. Somehow it didn't appease her and she hurried away."

Again poor Smithkins took a deep breath and gazed over the green with a faraway look.

"Well, sir, I decided to make the best of it. I gave my waiter a tip that made his eyes bulge and he gave me better service than anyone there ever had before. After breakfast I started out, determined to go up into the deep glen and catch a few trout, quite willing that the other guests should sit about and gossip or play tennis. When I stepped out on the porch there were about fifty more people. I heard jazz to right and jazz to left of me. A plank walk ran down along the water front, a merry-go-round was whirling, a ferris-wheel was spinning, a shoot-the-chutes was screeching, each to the accompaniment of a different keyed barrel-organ. There were popcorn and toy balloons and barking dogs and shrieking children, there was probably every undesirable thing in the world. In fact there was everything at Deep Glen except fir forests, mountain streams, ponds, green fields and winding highways. Marshlands instead of fields, a State road choked with honking autos instead of winding dusty highways and a large barren shore lake instead of ponds, with motor-boats and canoes and sail-boats and tiny excursion steamers as thick as Brooklynites at the bridge at 5:30 p.m. I got a boat and tried to fish. About noon the skipper of an excursion steamer told me, in response to a query, that about seven years ago a man caught a perch in that lake. But the fish commissioner made him put it back and fined him $30. I went back to the house."

Smithkins suddenly wheeled on me. "Laugh, if you wish," he grunted, "but I'd have dared Jess Willard to laugh at me that day. When I got back to the room I found a blue-serge coat, flannel trousers, stiff collar, silk shirt, fancy

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socks, fancy shoes—all laid out. Mrs. Smithkins timidly remarked that she had slipped them into one of her trunks thinking they would come in handy. Say, Old Man, you know the guile a wife can put on?"

I choked with emotion, and nodded.

"Well, when it came to innocence she had a new-born cherub looking like the Witch of Endor, so I got into the duds and went down to luncheon. I sat on the veranda all afternoon, trying to read a three-days' old paper and trying not to hear the dear old ladies swapping obstetrical anecdotes, then my wife suggested that I go up and dress for dinner. She had discovered that she had also brought along my dinner-suit and pumps."

Smithkins' voice trailed away into nothing as he mechanically refilled his pipe.

"Old Man," I said, trying to keep the quaver out of my voice, "did it last long?"

"Seven million years!" was his answer.

"Eh, what?"

"Oh, er, really longer than that. To be exact, it lasted two whole weeks."

"Then—then when I saw you, you had just come back from Deep Glen?"

LOSES WEIGHT ON HIS VACATION

HE nodded, but added, brightly, "Mrs. Smithkins is down there now. I'm keeping house alone. Run over, we're to have a little poker party tonight. I've been sleeping on the porch, getting my own breakfasts, eating at grills in town, working half a day, out into the country in the car the other half. I've almost got back the fifteen pounds I lost on the vacation."

I am plainspoken at times. It occurred to me that, after all, it was largely Smithkins' own fault.

"Just why a large, life-sized man should allow his wife to do such a thing is beyond me," I said. "Now don't be offended, Old Man, but don't you think that since man is the provider, the head of the house, the real worker, since

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man doesn't have a servant to do *his* work for him, doesn't have every afternoon and evening and most forenoons to himself, he really ought to say where he spends the measly two weeks of each year that falls to him for a rest?"

"But what—"

Smithkins couldn't refute my argument very well, he stammered something about not wanting to be mean and breaking up her vacation.

Cobleigh came along just then, with Atkins, both members of the Country Club and also of our little Men's Club at the church.

"Heard you had a good vacation, Smithkins," said Cobleigh, dropping down beside us. I thought Smithkins was going to brain him with his mashie until I remembered that Cobleigh wasn't that kind of a chap.

"Who told you?" asked Smithkins, suspiciously.

"My wife. She got it from your wife, probably."

"Right," declared Smithkins, giving me a warning look, "never did have a vacation quite like this one."

"Any fishing?" asked Atkins.

"Say," exclaimed Smithkins, slipping me a wink, "a man could just fish and fish and fish there until he got tired of it."

"Lucky dog," wheezed Cobleigh. "I'd rather fish than do anything."

"Why don't you?" I demanded.

"Why—er—there's no fishing where my wife goes on her vacation."

Smithkins looked at me and at Cobleigh. "And you stand for it? Why don't you go where there is fishing?" he demanded.

"Are you going to the shore this year?" I asked Atkins.

Now we all know that Atkins was born on the coast of Maine and loves the shore better than his dinner. We all knew, also, that for the past nine years he had been dragged away to a dusty old barren mountain resort because the waves made Mrs. Atkins nervous.

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"Why—er—no—, not this year," answered Atkins; "the fact is Mrs. Atkins has a nice place in the mountains all picked out."

"What do you do there?" I demanded.

"Oh, nothing, just rest and—er—sit around," was his reply.

MOUNTAINS VERSUS SEA-SHORE

"GREAT guns, Atkins," I exploded, "how can you go to the mountains and find nothing to do? Man alive, there's nothing like the mountains, God's garden-plots, I call 'em. There is mountain climbing, stream fishing, the study of trees and other vegetation, the study of birds, idle hours reading beneath redolent pines, the grand views, the wonderful boulders—mountain flowers, new vistas every day, sun-sets that the sea-shore never knew. There are mountain ponds for square-tailed trout and waterfalls where the young salmon leap, there are mountain-top picnics and berry-picking and, say Atkins, I could rattle on like this for hours. Nothing to do in the mountains? Rubbish. There is more to do, better things to do, healthier things to do, more happiness to the square inch in the mountains than there is at the sea-coast in a square mile."

"He's right," agreed Cobleigh.

"How about that little stag party over at the house tonight?" demanded Smithkins.

"I'm on!" came in chorus from Cobleigh and Atkins.

"A little small limit game, something cold in bottles, a rarebit, plenty of smokes—you know, just Freedom Hall," and Smithkins rattled on while Cobleigh and Atkins fairly danced with joy as they listened.

After they had gone on their way Smithkins looked at me. "Say, Old Man, I never knew you were so madly in love with the mountains before. I'm proud of you. What you said is absolutely right."

"Of course I am right," I said, carelessly. "I am always right. I wouldn't give two cents for all the sea-coast between here and Cape Horn. I wouldn't swap one little

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mountain for all the sea-coast in the world. I never did care for the shore."

"Right," declared Smithkins, getting up and stretching. "Well, drop over about 8:30 tonight."

"Can't, very well," I said.

Smithkins turned on me in surprise.

"Bosh! Of course you can come to my little stag tonight."

I shook my head, perhaps a trifle dolefully.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Well," I confessed, "you see it is like this, we are all going to start on our vacation tomorrow morning early, going to motor, and I must get back and help pack."

"Oh, I see," said Smithkins. "Vacation, eh? You lucky cuss, to be getting away like that. What part of the mountains are you going to hang out in?"

"Why—er, we are going to the same old place," I told him. "Fish Point Beach, on the Maine coast."

Sometimes I think poor Smithkins isn't well-balanced, mentally. I know of nothing else that will explain his odd behavior at times. For example, the poor boob simply howled with laughter when I told him where I was going on my vacation, and over absolutely nothing at all, as anyone can see.

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GERMANY'S CHEMICAL FRIGHTFULNESS

The World's Slavery to Her Dye Industry

By FRANCIS P. GARVAN
[ALIEN PROPERTY CUSTODIAN OF THE UNITED STATES]

FOR nineteen months I have been engaged in a study of German industrial life and its manifestations and activities in the United States. This was an industrial war, brought on by industrial Germany in her lust-mad haste to capture the markets of the world. Industrial Germany was the first to see defeat, and forced the military peace, in order that with her industrial equipment intact she might continue that same war by intensified and concentrated economic measures. Her methods are the same in peace and in war. Destroy your business competitor by state aid, cartel combination, dumping, full-line forcing, bribery, theft of patents or inventions, espionage, and propaganda! At this moment the four men best fitted to conduct a ruthless economic war upon this country, the four men who planned, instigated and paid for all the black history of lawlessness under which we suffered for two and a half years, Dr. Albert, Dr. Dernberg, Captain Boy-Ed, and von Bernstorff, are the helmsmen of the present German Government. Dr. Heinrich Albert is now Minister of Finance; Boy-Ed is Director of the Intelligence Section of the Foreign Office, the Espionage and Propaganda Division; and that arch-criminal, Bernstorff, is over them all, directing and leading the new Government in many of its departments.

Has the war ended?

It was Germany's chemical supremacy that gave her confidence in her avaricious dream of world empire. It was Germany's chemical supremacy that enabled her to wage four years of pitiless warfare. And it is Germany's chemical supremacy upon which she relies to continue this war;

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and for that supremacy she pays homage to her dye industry, and counts upon that dye industry to maintain it. Since 1866 Germany has recognized the fact that upon the development of the dye industry rested her entire development of organic chemistry, that upon the development of organic chemistry rested, in an ever-increasing measure, all the development of modern business, and modern warfare.

She realizes that her dye industry constitutes her keenest wedge with which to force her way back into the world trade. She now calls the dye industry her chief "Protective Industry," and has laid out for it a program of state protection and aid which should startle us. She purposes to use the alleged necessities of the world for her dyes to force all her other exports. In other words, she proposes to use it as a club with which to fight her way back into commercial society.

GERMANY'S MONSTER I. G. CARTEL

PRIOR to the war the German dye industry was united into three cartels with some independent companies outside. All are now one monster cartel, the I. G. Company, with Mr. Weinberg, the old head of the Cassella Color Company, as its president, and a capitalization of hundreds of millions of dollars. Germany has taken it under state aid and protection; she has decided to establish a guaranty fund whereby all industries share the losses the cartel may be compelled to face through dumping, bribery, or other expenses incurred in reasserting her dye monopoly of the world. She looks forward to granting it trade export premiums, freight rebates, intensified Consular service, and state guarantees against labor troubles.

As a result, our young but vigorous dye industry stands here to-day in direct competition, not with the great cartel I. G., but with that cartel sustained and supported and subsidized by the entire strength and wealth of Germany.

Over three billion dollars of annual business in America are dependent upon the dye industry. For years that three billion dollars of annual business was dependent upon

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the graciousness of German ambition. The time had not come when it seemed to their self-interest to cripple or destroy it, but when the war came on, in an instant Germany felt the force of cotton manufacturers' independence and attempted to use their necessities to influence the policies of our Government. There was a considerable period when Germany could have relieved their distress; but would not. There was a period thereafter when her branches here might have assisted our industry but they would not.

April 25, 1915, Boy-Ed, of ill-smelling fame, writes to Albert: "Very Honorable Privy Counsellor. To-day's *World* prints the enclosed short article on the alleged erection of dye factories in New Jersey by Germans. In case you are not able to take any steps to prevent an undertaking of this kind, I am requesting you to indicate to whose attention I could call the matter. With greetings," etc. Signed, Boy-Ed.

Albert answers, April 28, 1915: "Very Honorable Captain: With regard to dyes, I got into touch with local experts in order to determine the truth there is in the news. According to my knowledge of things, the matter is a fake inasmuch as our factories have bound themselves orally and by word of honor to do nothing in the present situation which might help the United States."

That day cotton manufacturers' independence began. That day our new dye industry was born. And, supported by our manufacturers with loyalty, patience and sacrifice, it has grown until to-day $150,000,000 is enlisted in the cause and we see the end forever of the past slavery and we stand unafraid in the face of any threat.

DYE INDUSTRY A NECESSITY IN MODERN WARFARE

BUT even greater than the importance of the dye industry in commercial life is its absolute necessity in modern warfare. I quote from Dr. Schweitzer:

"In no other field has German efficiency proven its superiority as in that of chemistry. While this was anticipated before the present war, it is no exaggeration to state that

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the German chemist has so far contributed as much, if not more, to the success of the campaign than the strategist, the army and the navy, and that, therefore, the present holocaust may be justly called the 'chemists' war.'"

Eighty per cent of her explosives and all her poisoned gases were manufactured by Germany's dye factories. And does any one for a moment imagine that the women of America are going to buy or wear the by-product of the destruction of their 70,000 sons?

A Commission appointed by the Allied Governments has just reported to their respective Governments: "At first, chlorine and phosgene were the main requirements, but afterwards a variety of organic substances were employed, all of which were made by the factories of the I. G. combination, and many of these substances were new and difficult to prepare, and rapid production was only possible owing to the speed with which the peaceful organization of the dye factories could be utilized for these purposes. When the Government wished to introduce a new gas, a conference of the various firms was held at Berlin, to determine how the manufacture should be subdivided in order to use the existing plant to the best advantage. For instance, the initial stages of the manufacture of mustard gas were carried on at Ludwigshafen, and the final stage at Leverkusen."

They go on: "In the future it is clear that every chemical factory must be regarded as a potential arsenal, and other nations cannot, therefore, submit to the domination of certain sections of chemical industry, which Germany exercised before the war. For military security it is essential that each country should have its chemical industry firmly established, otherwise we are leaving Germany in possession of a weapon which will be a permanent menace to the peace of the world."

Gas warfare, and its development, even if forbidden by the League of Nations, cannot safely be left in German hands, and organic substances will be employed which we do not know to-day. Any country without a well-developed chemical industry is in danger. Useless your armies and

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your navies, your U-boats and your aeroplanes, unless by means of a developed dye industry you keep abreast with modern chemical warfare.

THE BASIS OF GERMAN ESPIONAGE AND PROPAGANDA

BUT this industry has had, and now has, another great function in Germany's machine. It was, and is, the basis of her espionage and propaganda system.

True it is that we had in this country the Orenstein Arthur-Koppel Company, a German concern owning a large plant at Koppel, near Pittsburgh. It was the American branch of a great German house with connections in all the great countries of the world. For twenty years it has put in bids based upon the plans and specifications of every big industrial plant built in this country; and for that same twenty years, blueprints of these specifications and floor plans and elevations have gone on file in the Government office in Berlin.

True it is that in this country we had eighteen branches of German insurance companies, largely engaged in the re-insurance business; and that these companies collected for their own use detailed plans of all property insured by them, with especial reference to the hazard of the insured buildings from fire, explosion or other causes; and duplicates of these plans and drawings also found their resting place in the Berlin office. And we wondered at the accuracy of our factory fires and explosions!

True it is that Germany, through the Bosch Magneto Company, the Eisemann Magneto Company and the Boonton Rubber Company had a practical monopoly of the ignition systems in America, and through this combination the files of the central office in Berlin were kept up to date with all plans for improvements in military trucks, gasoline boats and aeroplanes.

SUCCESS OF TEUTONIC "OBSTRUCTION" POLICY

HERE is Manager Otto Heins' report to Dr. Albert of the activities of the Bosch Magneto Company in this your country, at that time neutral:

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"Honored Mr. Albert: In connection with the obstruction policy upon which we agreed at beginning of the war in matters concerning deliveries of our products, especially the special magneto apparatus, I should like in the following to make several statements from which one will clearly see that the accomplished obstruction policy has in every way been successful. Special apparatuses are involved in flying machines, airships and speed boats; have entered into apparent negotiations with the representatives of the Allies, creating in their minds the impression that they would receive the special apparatuses. These negotiations began immediately after the first declaration of war, and it was possible, on account of their technical character, to extend them many months into the war. Our policy lulled them into the certainty that they would receive the special apparatus and only now, November 30, fifteen months after war began, have they realized our duplicity."

He gloatingly continues that as a result of his activities in this country England, in October, 1915, found herself unable to defend London against their air raids, and states that France was in a much better position to protect herself against air raids because of her confiscation of the Bosch factories in Paris at the beginning of the war. I wonder how many women and children were killed!

True it is that the Hamburg-American Line and the Norddeutsche Lloyd kept faithful tab for Berlin on a thousand details of our business life which came under their observation; that not a ship left our harbors, not a cargo was loaded or unloaded, but that some member of its organization watched and reported every detail to be sent by code to the German Government.

AMERICAN BUSINESS SECRETS CARD-INDEXED IN BERLIN

BUT greater than all, and forming the foundation of her entire espionage and propaganda system, stood the dye industry. Her trained observers enjoyed full access to the businesses they supplied, and regularly and faithfully reported each and every detail of the three billion dollars of

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annual business dependent upon the dye industry in this country. As long as we were supplied by the "Big Six," our cotton-manufacture business had no secret unknown to Berlin. In Berlin you will find a card-index system which recites every fact connected with each and every one of our concerns that can be of any possible value to their rivals over there.

The head of that system in this country for years before the war was Dr. Hugo Schweitzer, president of the Bayer Company. He was given his Secret Service number by the Imperial Minister of War, 963,192,637. He came to this country, became a citizen on the instruction of the German Government, eventually was made the head of the Bayer Company, and led the espionage and propagandist movements here down to the day of his sudden death in November, 1917. His regular reports to Germany are the story of our cotton manufacturers' pre-war slavery and the story of the activity of each and every representative connected with the old "Big Six" to perpetuate that slavery. When Albert came here, to assume the leadership of that system, it is to Schweitzer he first turns. And then we find Schweitzer bringing to Albert's office from day to day those other smiling gentlemen who have been selling us the "peerless dyes" in the past, and from that moment begins the period when Germany's trade outposts in this country turned into ministers of lawlessness and destruction.

We find Albert, about to go home, in January, 1917, turning over to Schweitzer $1,781,882.08; and again, on February 2, $300,000, all to be spent in espionage and propaganda. We find Schweitzer using the chemical branches of the "Big Six" in this country to form the Chemical Exchange, by which all available phenol supply in America was turned away from the manufacture of picric acid for explosives for the Allies, with a profit, out of America's pocket, to Germany of $1,650,000.

Listen to Albert's praise:

"The breadth of high-mindedness with which you at that time immediately entered into the plan has borne fruit

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as follows: One and a half million pounds of carbolic acid have been kept from the Allies. Out of this one and a half million pounds of carbolic acid, four and one-half million pounds of picric acid can be produced. This tremendous quantity of explosive stuffs has been withheld from the Allies by your contract.

"Of still greater and more beneficial effect is the support which you have afforded to the purchase of bromine. We have a well-founded hope that, with the exclusion of perhaps small quantities, we shall be in a position to buy up the total production of the country. Bromine, together with chloral, is used in making nitric gases, which are of such great importance in trench warfare. Without bromine these nitric gases are of slight effect; in connection with bromine, they are of terrible effect. Bromine is produced only in the United States and Germany. While, therefore, the material is on hand in satisfactory quantities for the Germans, the Allies are entirely dependent upon importation from America."

Our manufacturers did not intend by their support of the German dye industry to leave the Allies defenceless against the poison gas made by the German dye industry—but they did.

"MUSTARD" GAS FORMULA ORIGINATES IN NEW JERSEY

BUT that is not the worst. At Bogota, New Jersey, in the New Jersey Agriculture Chemical Company, Dr. Schweitzer employed Dr. Walter Scheele, who was the inventor, in that little town of New Jersey, in 1913, of mustard gas, the formula of which he transmitted through Captain von Papen to Germany as soon as the war broke out. This is the mustard gas which laid low your brothers on the plains of France. And for Scheele, Dr. Schweitzer laid out the plans for the preparation of the bombs.

Untold millions were spent by this man in propaganda and espionage in the United States. In the two years before we entered the war, the Bayer Company drew $2,000,000 from the profits of its Oriental and South American

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houses, which money was spent here, for what purposes we can well imagine. It never went through their books. Practically all the dye salesmen you saw were only nominally in the employ of the branches here; all had secret and personal contracts with the home office.

All that I have said of Schweitzer is typical of practically all representatives of German dye houses in this country. Wherever we have found espionage or propaganda activity, there you will find those names so familiar in the days of slavery to German dyes. You will find the same gang returning, decrying our dyes, selling apparently Swiss or unmarked dyes, telling you tales of German distress, serving as ever their Fatherland. Let us be on guard!

SOME THOUGHTS ON AMERICA

By MAJ.-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

"THESE are times of dangerous world psychology. The barriers between ordered government and chaos are down in some nations and trembling in others. We must stand squarely on our feet here. Avoid the dangerous doctrines of the hour that are masquerading under the banner of 'Liberal Ideas and Progress.'

"The Red Flag is the coward's flag.

"We must provide for the better physical development of our youth.

"We must pay more attention to our schools. We must begin by paying those who are charged with the instruction of our youth much better salaries than they are at present receiving.

"We must look ahead to the establishment of a sound system of national preparedness.

"Think nationally.

"Under our democracy there is no privileged class, but all have equal rights and all are under equal obligation for service in war and peace.

"Out of this community of effort will come something of that brotherhood of man of which we hear so much and see so little."

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THE THEATRE IN REVIEW

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

Retrospective

EARLY summer allowing for a slack hour in the activities of the theatre world, the managers take pleasure in sitting back in their chairs for ten minutes and disclosing to the public the chances they have of being entertained the following season. Unlike the reviewer, they are not interested in the season that is past. Money appropriation for such a season has been lost, or the earnings divided and spent. The road ahead is different. It may hold a success that will last a year in New York City, with special companies to play Boston and Philadelphia, Chicago, Canada, the South, and the Pacific Coast. A producer who tells the truth will admit that he is never sure, but always hopeful.

Speaking generally, the season has been what might be slangily termed "rough." There has been an abundance of undressed farce, and several attempts to reveal to the audience the innermost secrets of the personal lives of a group of characters. Some of these so-called "bedroom" plays have succeeded, while others, going beyond the edge of subtle indecency, have failed miserably. Perhaps we are finished with such plays—perhaps not.

However, the season has not been without real merit. Many of our best players have appeared in new productions of merit, and the season has brought forth more real plays from American authors than the majority of past seasons can boast. "Be Calm Camilla," by Clare Kummer, and "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans," by Laurence Eyre were conspicuous for the imagination they displayed, the second affording Mrs. Fiske an opportunity to do the best work she has done in recent years, and is sure to find a place in her permanent repertoire. Less successful, but of interest, was Edward Knoblock's "Tiger! Tiger!" with Frances Starr in the rôle of the cook who was loved by the Member of Parlia-

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ment. Louis Mann and Sam Bernard, both entertainers of capabilities, spent the season in "Friendly Enemies," which holds the season's record for long runs. Frank Bacon, flashing out from parts that never allowed him to show his amazing ability for characterization, appeared in "Lightnin," probably the best American contribution to the theatre year. "Three Faces East" proved to be such an absorbing play that it took a hot spell and a year's run to end the showing of the drama in spite of the fact that its current interest died with the ending of the war. "The Unknown Purple" was a success because Richard Bennett made it so—his acting, aided by ingenious mechanical devices, while Fay Bainter was starred as an Oriental girl in a drama whose setting was chiefly San Francisco. Alice Brady developed real talent as an emotional actress, carrying a war-play, "Forever After," throughout the season, while "Tea for Three," "Daddies," and "The Little Journey," all from native pens, found success without any member of the cast being starred.

Importations

PLAYS from countries across the sea were neither numerous, nor, as a whole, over-successful. Cyril Maude met a certain amount of success with "The Saving Grace," and the Dunsany plays were excellently produced by Stuart Walker. Leo Ditrichstein, after the lukewarm success of his own play, offered "The Marquis de Priola," which was interesting and of course well acted. Both of Maeterlinck's plays were failures, leaving Sir James Barrie's "Dear Brutus" to be the only real success sent us from England—that is, unless one considers Shakespeare as English, and not international. Walter Hampden revived "Hamlet" and proved himself to be the best Dane of many a year. His performance had intellect, power and was practically flawless.

Two American Players

THAT leaves the dramatic work of two young American players to be considered. First, John Barrymore; second, George Gaul. John Barrymore has for several seasons

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been carrying his art to the point of perfection, and in his two showings of the season, " Redemption " and " The Jest," he outplayed any performer on the American stage. It would seem unfair to contest the title that so many playgoers have given him, " America's greatest actor."

George Gaul is younger. He has been playing for a few seasons, lately under the guiding hand of Stuart Walker, who has given Gaul a chance to do a colored servant, a bearded prophet, a newspaper reporter, also Job, and the beggar *Agmar* of the " Gods of the Mountains." His performance of Job alone should win him his place on the American stage, but his *Agmar* shows the versatile powers of a young man who must be regarded as an ambitious player who has achieved recognition if not fame.

The Music

IN the musical-comedy world the best of the light operatic plays was " The Better 'Ole," an English novelty of life back of the firing line. " The Royal Vagabond," an American comic opera, has real merit, while such productions as " Some Time," " Somebody's Sweetheart," and " Listen Lester " have entertained thousands, even though they have contributed little to the uplift of the musical comedy. The Winter Garden has, of course, enjoyed its usual popularity, but, as a whole, the season's musical comedies, while numerous, have been lacking in real merit. Most of them have showed too hasty preparation.

The Return of the Sotherns

SO much for the past. It would be easy to cut and paste the theatre announcements that the press departments have sent to our desk and forecast the future, but experience has shown that only a portion of the plays announced ever get to rehearsal, and of these only a portion ever have a metropolitan showing. So it would seem unwise to print a list of possibilities. However, the season looms large, and one plan that will definitely be put into action is the return to the stage of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern in a repertoire of Shakespeare, which assures distinction for 1919-1920.

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Summer Shows

EVEN while they have been thinking ahead the managers have managed to bring in an occasional musical play, taking it for granted that those who remain in the city, or those who visit New York to see the effect of the heat on the buildings, would be also interested in what is generally known as " summer shows."

The recipe for a summer show is not a difficult one to follow—the whole danger lying in the chance that the producer may provide an overdose of any one ingredient. Girls, of course, are the first necessity, lovely girls who are as charming when fully dressed as they are in bathing suits that leave little to the imagination of the perspiring audience. Then, there must be a certain amount of humor, a few songs, acrobatic dancers that ought to die from over-exertion and heat prostration, but never do—scenery, and a large bank account.

Following this recipe George White, who used to dance in The Follies, has brought in a production of his own. He calls it " Scandals of 1919," but it is no worse than any other show—rather better than most, but not quite up to the standard set by Mr. Ziegfeld. This production excels chiefly for its dancing. Mr. White has the electric Ann Pennington as his first assistant, while La Sylphe is fascinatingly snake-like. And the rest of them just plain dance.

Another " show " which has all the elements of a summer success, though this production probably will be successful long after the flowers have ceased to blossom outside of the florists' windows, is " A Lonely Romeo " in which Lew Fields is the star. Like " Scandals of 1919 " it is a dancing show, the chief entertainers being those who use their feet, and this must be stretched to include Mr. Fields himself, for, as a finish to one act he shuffled about the stage and did a hand-spring just to prove that while he has a grown son in the company he is just as young as ever. The play tells—but why bother about such a trifle? Jessica Brown proved herself to be an even better dancer than she was the last time she " stopped a show " with her twinkling feet.

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A dance team named Nellie and Willie St. Clair added their bit, as did the comedian Willie Solar. Mr. Fields, as well as dancing, proved to be as funny as ever, and the piece has a few very good songs.

"La, La, Lucille" is still another play made from the familiar summer recipe. It has Jack Hazzard as its principal comedian, and he is always funny. Then, too, it has several pretty women, a few good songs, and at the end of the evening the audience is glad to find that the streets are cooler, for they have passed away the time between dinner and bed in being entertained—completely forgetting about themselves. What better recommendation could be given any musical play?

And that brings the new productions down to The Follies, Mr. Ziegfield's annual classic of the musical-comedy world. The review this year is rather better than it has been of recent seasons, having all of the usual attractions, plus a humorous strain that is more laughable than in seasons past. One scene, an osteopath's office, is burlesque that creates shouts of laughter, and Eddie Cantor, who is funny, although he is often vulgar, emerges with the comedy honors. Will Rogers and his rope are missing, Rogers having answered the call of the movies, but Johnny and Rae Dooley are amusing whenever they are on the stage, and Bert Williams has at least one good song. The leading woman, if there is such a thing in a Follies production, is Marilyn Miller, a charming dancer who is rarely beautiful, and whose appearance is a delight to the eye. From the vaudeville world come Van and Schenk with their inimitable way of singing songs, Maurice and Florence Walton with their dancing grace, and, for good measure, there is John Steel, a young tenor who flashed across the theatre world in one of the season's failures, and has now emerged to thrill The Follies audiences with his voice of operatic quality. Of course, there are plenty of others, every Follies is crowded with people of ability who fill in the chinks between the appearance of the headliners—and then Mr. Ziegfeld's chorus girls are justly famous throughout the country for their comeliness. The

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scenery is by Joseph Urban, while Ned Welburn, as usual, staged the production. This, by the way, is the thirteenth Follies. It ought to prove to a great many people that 13 is not at all unlucky.

LONELY BROOKS

By LEONIE DAVIS COLLISTER

THE sea is so still tonight
All the little brooks
That have flowed into it
Are singing . . .
Singing
Of the gray marshes,
Of calling quail,
And sunsets
Across vast prairies,
And the ivied silence
Of woods at midnight,
And deep blue pools,
And purple peaks
Of tropic mountains,
And pebbly shallows
Of shaken sunlight . . .
And all the lost things
They remember.

The great sea
Has paused
To listen to the lonely brooks
Singing,
As homesick children
Sing their folk-songs
In an alien land.

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The Editor's Un-Easy Chair

(Contributions to this department must be addressed to the Editor and should not exceed 1,000 words. Manuscripts should contain addressed envelope stamped)

A Political Embarrassment

THE great question before Congress is unparliamentary, and therefore has not been asked. It is the question in the heart of every Congressman whose service there has been long enough to wear away the mere political power of office. The question is this:

The people's attitude on the League of Nations.

It is a question that suspends in ghostly light over the Capitol in Washington. It is the question that haunts the Administration Senator quite as vividly and as horribly as it haunts his reactionary opponent, because it is a real mystery of the hour. Not one of them knows the correct answer, and it is necessary that they should know it before they can dispose of other unfinished business.

That is a mysterious writing on the walls of the Senate and the House that none see so well as those who are seated there, and that none can escape in the grim responsibilities of their high office. The lawmakers look at each other questioningly, knowing that new laws must be made, new issues confronted, new secret political societies met. The imagination of the legal mind is at a loss to understand this uncertainty of unpatriotic duty. On the floor of the Senate there is an air of tense anxiety on the Democratic side of the Chamber, an air of watchful suspicion on the Republican side. The President of the Senate has been unable to conceal the uneasiness of his own chair, when he raps his gavel, restates from well-known rules of order, and qualifies his interruption by saying, " I am obliged to do this, otherwise I can see there is going to be a row here." Before the staring eyes of the Senators glare the words written in letters of fire:

" What do the people want?"

The question has shaken the political nerve of both parties, it has forced them back upon the consolation of each man's National conscience. The picture from any of the

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galleries is one of tragic significance. Sitting side by side, closely related in all the social relations of men whose public utterances are immune from censorship, their elbows touching, but their brains diverging, they reflect the tense uneasiness of counsel for the prosecution, and counsel for the defense, trying the case of National Policy.

What Will the People Indorse?

ONE sees the question in the quiet patience of the steady, challenging eyes of Reed of Missouri, hears it in the easy satirical tone of his party opponent, Thomas, of Colorado. One is skeptical when Hitchcock of Nebraska, sitting close to him, begins to pound the air with his long arms, and hurls his accusation of Bolshevism at the Republican Senators in a roar of outraged statesmanship. The Democratic eagerness to defend the President in the Senate is not unanimous. However, when the Republican Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, with an amusing semblance of fear, appeals for protection from Hitchcock the ogre, one sees the bitterness of passionate hatred and suspicion, or, the instinct of one lawyer to rattle the opposing lawyer at the bar. Says Lodge, "I wish the Senator wouldn't be so violent, he frightens the Senate." Says Hitchcock in rebuttal, "Surely the Senator doesn't object to a robust voice from the West?"

There is consternation when Chamberlain, of Oregon, rises in the front row of the Democratic trenches, and, in a ringing voice of intensive excitement, shouts, "I will not apologize to anyone for my vote in this Chamber, I will not vote to order, I will vote only according to my conscience." His well-known sincerity of character, his private hatred of compromise, fires that emotional Democrat Ashurst who says, "I will slap the face of any Senator, outside the Senate of course, who challenged the integrity of my vote."

On the Republican side sits Borah of Idaho, generally respected by his opponents for his sincerity, intelligence, and fearlessness of his political faith, calmly adjusting the human turmoil about him, as *Hamlet* might have done. The comparison is suggested by the quiet incisive questions he puts

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to the aged Senator from Mississippi, John Sharp Williams, who in his filibustering tactics emulates the talkative mood of old *Polonius*. Johnson, Watson, Kellogg, Lodge, Knox, and their Republican adherents, are massed in battle array, ready to trip any Democrat who comes too near their political territory, ever watchful and jealous, as lawyers, for the defense of the Nation, against the prosecution of the Democrat. Like Overman, the Carolina statesman and Presidential admirer, the entire Senate, however, is wondering what the answer will be to that mysterious question:

Where will the people stand, if we force the issue of the League?

The Mexican Situation in a Bombshell

"IT is now acknowledged that if the American forces had not intervened at Juarez, Villa would have been in Mexico City in a month. By shooting on the striking schoolteachers and their sympathizers and by forbidding strikes—which annuls the new Constitution and brought down the wrath of Gompers—the Carranza administration at one stroke lost the support of Labor. But that was not all.

When the Carranza administration realized this mistake, they promptly followed it up with two more egregious blunders. They offended the press and offended half their own Mexico City garrison. Three editors had had the temerity to publish the facts about the teachers striking for their back pay, while Carranza generals rolled in wealth. These editors were arrested; but no jury in Mexico City would have convicted them; so it was announced they were to be taken North, to see the error of their ways; but General Hill, who is a supporter of Obregon for the presidency, had a fairly good idea they would be "shot trying to escape"—a well known device to get rid of enemies to the Administration in Mexico; so Hill hid one of the editors in his house. This brought the wrath of the Administration down on Hill, who was "relieved" of his troops, which were at once scattered in small units throughout the garrisons of Oaxaca and Vera Cruz districts.

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So the next two blunders lost Carranza not only Labor, but Educational Circles and half his own Mexico City garrison. Then came a sequence of misfortunes.

The deposed troops were mad. They were mad all through. They promptly deserted over to the revolutionists on the Pacific Coast and on the Gulf, which explains the complete defeat of the Carranzistas in these sections during June. Not a train was allowed to go through Vera Cruz for two weeks, nor a train from the Gulf to Monterey and San Luis.

If Villa had captured Juarez, it would have admitted swarms of refugees hostile to Carranza and of food supplies. He would have had Mexico City in a month; and Carranza would have been in flight to parts unknown where his money is hidden. But the Americans did intervene and snatched victory from Villa and Angeles. What will the reaction be? Villa, a hero in the peon mind, because he was so strong the Americans had to come in to defeat him. Carranza's prestige as "the great anti-American president" hurt so badly that to save his face he had to enter a protest against "invasion of Mexican sovereignty;" though the invasion was all that saved him from ruin.

The American Government has retorted insisting on his protection of American lives and property, though how he is to do this, when he had to have the aid of Americans to save Juarez, is a guess. Couriers have gone post haste to Villa begging him not to strike back at Americans, when the handwriting is already on the wall for Carranza; but Villa—the Panther—listens to no man's pleas nor advice. What he will do can never be guessed.

Meantime, the State elections take place in July; and civilians, who have dared to offer themselves as candidates against the military junta of looters have been shot down, or compelled to flee for their lives to the hills. In Monterey, 70 people were shot down because they gave a majority to a civilian candidate. In Nuevo Leon, one candidate had his automobile riddled by bullets from the garrison.

Villa and Angeles declare and facts bear it out that the

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shots fired into El Paso came from Carranzistas to compel "intervention."

If present disorders continue, Mexico will be in the throes of another bloody revolution before the July elections are over.

The Anarchist—A Social Microbe

THE anarchist of the type we have to deal with in this country represents merely opposition to law and order in general—resentment to any kind of resistance or rules. He is the microbe of society, representing a primitive type formerly universal and not yet extinct, and his activity is directed to the overthrow of the political organism in which he dwells. The human body protects itself from disease, that is from defeat by a lower form of life—through the activity of its vital functions, manifested especially by the production of serums which control the toxins generated by the bacteria. The body-politic, since it cannot hope altogether to eliminate the germs of anarchy can only counteract them by the free circulation of thought which will neutralize poisonous ideals. It is only by the development of constructive forces that the destructive forces can be counteracted. The adoption of destructive forces by the state, that is the use of restrictive legislation, punishment, and war, though sometimes necessary, is never in itself remedial. In the same way it is sometimes necessary to use the knife to extract a cancer, or cut off a limb, but this in itself is never sufficient to effect a cure. It is only the constructive forces of vitality that are able to counteract generation.

The anarchist we have always with us in one form or another. We cannot extinguish him any more than we can extinguish the lower, and to us malignant, forms of life. He is in Goethe's words "the spirit that continually denies." The Prince of Anarchy according to the Book of Job appeared even at the Court of Heaven. He is, according to the Gospels, the Prince of this world, and never less active than at the present time. For the last four years the forces of destruction have had full sway all over the world, and it will

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be some time before the constructive forces of society again get the upper hand. After the Civil War, as we well remember, disorder and violence prevailed for some years in the South and West. The same result has followed all the great wars of history. The Commune of Paris in 1871 is matched by the Commune of Petrograd in 1917. The passions of this war will be measured by the war. They cannot be immediately quelled since the great war involved the whole world. Anarchy is a perennial—but the anarchist must be pruned.

Anarchists and Other Extremists

THE anarchist reduced to the simplest terms of definition is the extremist. He appeared very early in civilization, and he is, as late developments have shown, quite militant today. The type has persisted through the centuries and first develops under the Roman Empire.

The early Christians held essentially the same doctrine in that they believed devoutly in resistance to all authority save that of Jesus Christ alone. This doctrine has persisted through all the history of the Christian church. There is a small and rapidly diminishing body in Great Britain and America at this hour called Reformed Presbyterians who refuse to vote because God and Christ are not sufficiently reverenced in the Constitution and laws of the country. Exactly the same feeling crops up in Buddhism and later in Islam. It smacks largely of idealism, and about equally of idiocy. Every important religious belief has been infected with it. Even the followers of George Fox the Quaker had it. The prevalent anarchistic idea of no government at all is not at all the same as that which has influenced in a greater or less degree all religions.

The religious enthusiast for ages has deemed it sacrilege to dream of any other temporal dominion than that of his spiritual dictator. The anarchist, in an age that has almost swallowed materialism whole, is utterly lost in the fog. He simply wants no government at all. And woman, who under religious conditions has simply played the part of a silent influence, is readily joining him today, both as a shrieking propagandist, and a rabidly active doer.

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There is a certain method, too, in the madness of the type which has evoluted thus far and which threatens us today. These would destroy government on the basis that if there were none there would be no necessity for it. They declare that all restrictions are only temptations. If they could abolish the Police System, yet still put bars on the windows people would always want to break in. Lock your front door and that would only be a temptation to steal. It is a Utopian dream that the world has been dreaming for centuries. The major portion of mankind has always realized this, and thank God it always will; and the major portion of mankind will always protect itself and do all it can to save these fanatic dreamers from themselves.

There are two classes of them just now; those who believe in force, such as we have lately had exemplified, and those who do not. Trotzsky and Lenine have been spoken of as anarchists, but they do not belong in either of these classes and therefore are not anarchists. They are trying to establish a new form of economic and political authority, and in so doing are simply beginning a worse tyranny than any that exists today the world over.

Wilson Not a Socialist—After All!

PRESIDENT WILSON has frequently been aligned with the Socialists. The rumor has traversed the subterranean channels of gossip from Dan to Beersheba—also been openly voiced in the Senate of the United States, and yet I read this rather startling heading in the *Workers' World,* official organ of the Socialist Party of Kansas City: "Wodrow Wilson, Consummate Hypocrite." The spelling of the President's christian name is the *Workers' World's* own. Said socialistic organ also accuses Mr. Wilson of "self-hypnosis," "amiable prevarication," "contemptible lies," "monstrous euphemisms," and a category of autocratic acts totally at variance with the known socialistic ideas. So perhaps President Wilson is not a socialist, after all; certainly not in the conception of the *Workers' World.*

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The

Forum

118 East Twenty-Eighth Street
New York

SUBJECT—"SELLING TALK"

July 24th, 1919

Mr. Advertiser and
Mr. Advertising Agent.
Dear Sir:-

I was in Chicago the other day and had the pleasure, for the first time, of meeting the Western Advertising Representatives of The FORUM, Mr. H. L. Palmer and Mr. Gerald L. Palmer, the latter being recently released from war service.

Everybody in Chicago knows Mr. Palmer, Sr., and I do not think it will be long before every advertiser and advertising agent in the Middle West will know Mr. Palmer, Jr. He is made of the kind of stuff that gets there-an ambitious, well-equipped young man who has lots of push and energy, to my mind, a "closer."

Mr. Palmer, Jr., asked me to give him a line of "Selling Talk" for The FORUM. I told him that I was not an Advertising Man, but that I had some ideas why The FORUM was a good vehicle to carry the advertiser's message to the public. Here are some of the things I told him:

1. The FORUM is read by not less than 50,000 of the sort of Americans that are doing the thinking for the present and next generation. (I know this from a study of the reactions that we are receiving in the editorial offices-and some of them are good and strong.)

2. The FORUM is taken "seriously," i.e., people read it to stock up their brains with the thought of America's big thinkers, as well as for its informative and entertaining articles, the fundamentals of

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which are life stories-life romances and articles treating of the affairs and achievements of substantial and nation-making Americans.

3. The FORUM is a logical medium for any advertiser seeking national publicity and national sales.

4. No advertiser "puts all his eggs in one basket"; if he did, he would reach only a small percentage of the people. No magazine reader confines his subscription to one magazine. Every advertiser realizes that he must reiterate and reiterate and again reiterate in order to bring his message home to the reader, and accomplish the sale-otherwise, any merchant would only put his sign over his door once a month.

5. We took a cross-section of The FORUM readers and found that among those who subscribed for The FORUM were: a vice-president, a Socialist, a school teacher, a college professor, the president of a railroad, a minister, a woman who "opened her own front door," a business woman, the president of a big traction company, a manufacturer, a banker, a prominent author, and a Society lady.

6. Every buyer of The FORUM buys the magazine because he wants it, not because it is "thrown in" in club lists and with various prize packages of premiums.

7. It is recognized as an Old Reliable, being in its thirty-sixth year and being on file in practically every library and Club in the Country.

8. Its rates are consistent with its circulation.

9. It has a future as well as a past.

10. An advertiser who advertises now at The FORUM'S present rate, will get the benefit of its largely increased circulation in the coming year.

These are some of the things I said to Mr. Palmer, Jr. A telegram from him yesterday tells me that he has opened up some new accounts. If he should call upon you, hear what he has to say; he will give you the real "Selling Talk."

Very sincerely yours,

Editor.

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H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Half a century ago we had a visit from the Prince of Wales. This month another Prince of Wales, his grandson, will be a guest of this country. Without question he is the most democratic member of royalty alive. He is a great admirer of Americans and, to quote his father, he is "Some boy!"

See Editor's Un-Easy Chair.

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